

The Sketch



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WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1904.

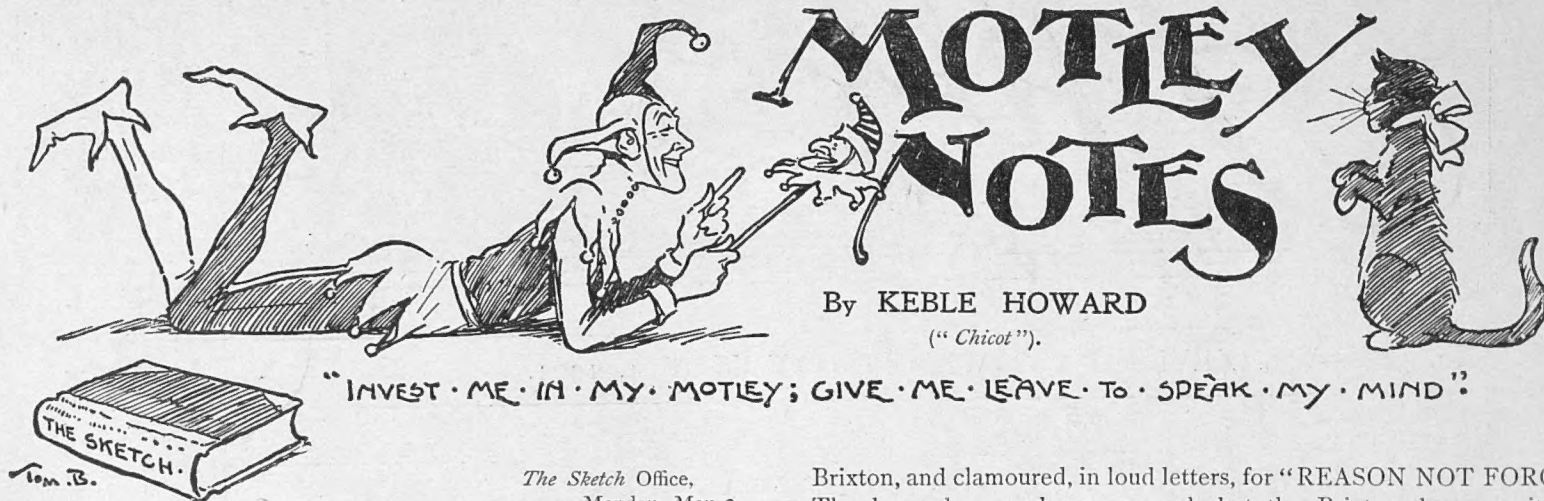
SIXPENCE.



MISS HILDA TREVELYAN AS AMANDA IN THE ONE-ACT PLAY, "OP O' ME THUMB,"

AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W. (See "The Stage from the Stalls," page 88.)



The Sketch Office,
Monday, May 2.

MISS MAY little thought, as shyly she stole into London yesterday morning, that there was one humble admirer watching her approach from a window by the river. One, and only one, for at the hour when the blackness of night changed to grey, and the grey to blue, every Londoner, save myself, was in bed and asleep. At any rate, my slice of the world was undisturbed by jingling cab, slouching pedestrian, or inquisitive policeman. Even the navvies employed by the South-Eastern Railway had ceased, for a little while, from beating with heavy hammers on iron girders. Alone, therefore, I welcomed Miss May, but forbore to introduce myself lest she should ask me why I happened to be wearing evening-dress so early in the day. I might have pretended, of course, that I had thus arrayed myself in order to do honour to so regal a guest. Yet the statement would have been false, and I felt unwilling to sully those perfect moments with a lie. The truth, too, was equally impossible under the circumstances, for, as a matter of fact, I had been attending the inaugural banquet of the *Daily Mail* Cricket Club. Even now, the explanation sounds a little clumsy; what do you suppose little Miss May would have thought of it? As the light grew stronger, therefore, I slipped behind a curtain, and the first gleam of sunshine drove me, a hideous, yawning creature, to bed.

When I arose, the scene had taken on a very different aspect. The river in the middle distance, the street and gardens in the foreground, the masses of houses in the background—all were steeped in brilliant sunshine. A barge, picturesque with its two brown sails, was moving slowly seawards. A long line of cabs occupied the centre of the roadway, and, as the patient horses munched gratefully their morning meal, a score of pigeons pecked at the grains that fell from the swinging nose-bags. Girls and women sauntered across the stage, bewilderingly gay, for the most part, in astonishingly blue dresses. The young girls, as a rule, were escorted by black-coated youths who smoked thin cigarettes and carried attenuated canes. The older women were accompanied by short, stout gentlemen in frock-coats, square-toed boots, and squat top-hats. The scene, you see, was still quite peaceful. There was no hint of the blaring, bugling mob that should presently bear down upon us. I sat by the open window, smoking a pipe and wondering why life was not always like that. A sense of complete satisfaction stole over me. I smiled, kindly, at the pigeons. I bestowed a gracious nod on the munching cab-horses. I realised that the vivid, blue-gowned girls had a perfect right to dress as they pleased. And the youths, too, why shouldn't they—? . . .

Thump! Thump! Thump! What was it? Not a drum? That would be too cruel! I listened intently. Bang! Bang! Bang! The noise was drawing nearer, and I knew the worst. At least, I thought I did. There was a band coming. It would pass beneath my window, frighten the pigeons away, and leave in its train a bunch of small boys who would endeavour to push each other into the gutter. Blare! Blast! Blow! Yes, a band, sure enough. What in the world was the tune? A crowd began to collect, and some policemen arranged the people in line along the edge of the pavement. I caught a glimpse of a red and gold banner, waving grotesquely in the soft air of the afternoon. Three urchins came round the corner, followed by a pale youth trundling a barrow-load of oranges. Then the banner lurched into view. It bore the inscription, "MAY DAY CELEBRATION COMMITTEE." I rubbed my eyes. I had expected to see something about Chinese Slavery and a demand for work and plenty of it. The banner passed. So did the band. So did the May Day Celebration Committee. "That's all over," thought I, and prepared to resume my pleasant reflections. Fool! There was another band to come, and another banner. This second banner, it seemed, hailed from

Brixton, and clamoured, in loud letters, for "REASON NOT FORCE." The demand seemed sane enough, but the Brixton drummer, it was evident, thought little of the maxim. Force for him, he said, and let reason and rhythm take care of themselves.

Hard on the heels of the Brixton contingent came a wagonette, filled to the brim with little girls in white pinafores. Beside the driver sat a determined young woman holding the necessary banner. I focussed my glasses, and learnt that the babies in pinafores represented the Shoreditch Socialist Juvenile Branch, the motto of this influential institution being, "OPPRESSION KILLS, BUT LOVE MAKES LIFE." Brushing away a tear of sympathy—I trust that that tear meant sympathy—I looked beyond the wagonette to see a tall man, with an earnest, white, upturned face, vigorously twirling a long stick. He was the forerunner, you see, of a band of pipers, who were doing their brave best to make themselves heard above the din created by the many brass bands. Behind the pipers strode two young women, arm in arm. They, too, were in deadly earnest, and scorned to cast a glance in the direction of a fashionably dressed woman who was leaning from a window of the Hôtel Métropole. Another barrow-load of oranges pursued the high-souled twain, presumably in case of emergencies. And so the procession went on. Banner after banner, barrow after barrow, band after band. And all the time a spirited young cab-horse protested against the fearsome uproar, and all the time the experienced old cab-horses went on munching. At the end of an hour, by my clock, the procession had passed.

Lord Onslow, in company with many other worthy people, is convinced that we need more playwrights. I should like to put his lordship right on this point. At no time in the history of the British Stage—that is always a safe phrase—has there been such a plethora of playwrights as exists to-day. Every actor, for example, is writing plays; every actress is writing plays; every novelist is writing plays; every journalist is writing plays; every dramatic critic is writing plays. Many of these plays, moreover, are excellent plays, well-conceived, well-constructed, well-written. Not one in a thousand of them, however, can ever be produced, for the simple reason that there are only nine theatres in London whereat plays are produced, and, of those nine, only four that furnish an opportunity for the new playwright who has neither money nor influence to help him. Of the plays that do happen to get as far as a production, nine-tenths will fail because they will be too serious for the taste of the public. The situation is so obvious; it is also very sad.

The Savoy Hotel, I understand, is finished at last, and one may reasonably expect that, during the course of the present week, the pavement and roadway immediately in front of that luxurious building will be brought into some state of order. To be quite honest, I have never passed the Savoy, since the reconstruction scheme was put in hand, without a tremor. It has always occurred to me, as I slid my tortuous way across those greasy planks, that I might suddenly find myself in the cellars. Connoisseurs tell me that no man need fear the Savoy cellars, but even the most enthusiastic wine-bibber, I venture to assert, would be loth to enter those cellars by way of a sudden hole in the pavement. It is probable, of course, that the danger of collapse existed only in my imagination; be that as it may, there was very real danger in passing the Savoy on Saturday morning last. I accomplished the task, but I was compelled to plunge through smoke, creep along a parapet, and skip across newly-tarred wood-blocks before I could gain a place of safety. And the worst of it is that they will presently begin to improve some other portion of the Strand that lies between my Club and the *Sketch* Office. Why, O why, doth Santos-Dumont tarry?

THE HUMOURIST AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



THE CLUBMAN.

The Land of Blarney—"Hari-kari"—The Greatest Fair on Earth.

IRELAND, the country of the Blarney Stone, seems determined to steal the hearts of our King and Queen. I ventured to chaff an Irishman about this—not a very wise thing to do, for the inhabitants of the Green Island always like to have all the chaff on their side—and he answered me somewhat indignantly: "If our King and our Queen knew what was good for them, they would come and reign in Ireland, with an Irish Parliament, and let your dull old country go to the devil," which was to me quite a new view of Ireland as a separate nationality.

I fancy gallantry, in both its senses, is the quality which wins so many hearts for the Irish. I was sitting next to a very charming young English girl at dinner one evening this week, and found that she was in love with Ireland and the Irish. Out of curiosity, I tried to find out what was the reason which had made her such a warm admirer of the people of the shamrock. She told me a little story which explained her feelings. Last year, she was in Dublin at the time of the Horse Show, and presented herself at the gate without her ticket, having left it at home. She began an explanation, but the man at the wicket stopped her in her faltering story. "Sure, Miss, such a lady as you wouldn't tell an untruth for the price of two tickets," he said, and opened wide the little door. My fair neighbour asked me, "Would an English doorkeeper have said that?" And I was forced to confess that he would probably have put it in some other and less subtly complimentary manner.

The war in the East, regrettable as it is, brings out the fine qualities of both races, and, just as there was a solemn magnificence in the crews of the Russian warships going to their deaths at Chemulpo singing their National Anthem, as did our fine fellows of the Shangani Patrol, so now the Japanese on the ill-fated *Kinshu Maru* have shown a similar splendid contempt for death, if that death came to them

as fighting-men, and the non-commissioned officer who committed "hari-kari" in the view of the enemy will be a demi-god ranking with the other heroes of Japanese history who died by their own hand in this manner. The "hari-kari" was, in old Japan, the mode of death adopted amongst Samurai when they had no alternative but to die, and the non-commissioned officer met his death by his own hand as one of the two-handed swordsmen of the days of the Daimios would have done.

The accounts of the St. Louis Exhibition are rather frightening. I purpose to cross the Atlantic next autumn to see this World's Fair, but

already a feeling of hopelessness is beginning to come upon me, for everything in the Exhibition seems to be either so monstrously tall, or so tremendously wide, or so colossally broad, that an ordinary Englishman, with a fortnight to spend in St. Louis, can only hope to view the beginning or end of the Cyclopean buildings and gardens, lakes and railways, not to see them in their entirety. The last Paris Exhibition was so large that, though I walked about it for many days, I did not pass through a half of the buildings, and I am quite sure that a feeling of despair will be one of the first

symptoms which the ordinary visitor to St. Louis will develop. When some nation advertises its World's Fair as the smallest and most interesting on earth, I shall be irresistibly attracted to that Exhibition.

Reading through a list of coming events, my eye was caught by the innumerable number of times the word "banquet" occurred in it. The Prince of Wales, I notice, has to eat his way gallantly this month through a series of banquets, which must mean a great time spent at table listening to speeches of the usual Britannic order. In a much humbler way all Clubmen suffer from too much banquet. I do not suppose that a day passes on which I do not receive an intimation that my presence at a banquet is requested, the invitation, which at first appears to be flattering, generally closing with a form of subscription to some, no doubt, deserving charity. If I were to dine at all these banquets, and were to fill in all the forms, I am quite sure that I should die of indigestion within the year and that the charities would have to supply funds for my burial.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: THE KING AT PUNCESTOWN RACES.

Photograph by F. P. D'Arcy, Dublin.

Top Row, standing.—Mr. Victor Corkran, C.V.O., Lady Antrim, Hon. Charlotte Knollys, Sir Condie Stephen, Marchioness of Londonderry, The Queen, Marquis of Londonderry, The Lord-Lieutenant, Captain Fortescue, R.N., The King, Lord Plunket, Marquis of Waterford, and Major the Hon. M. O'Brien, D.S.O.



Second Row.—Hon. S. Greville, Marchioness of Waterford, Princess Victoria, Captain Ponsonby, Earl Howe, Hon. G. Ward, M.V.O., Lord Kenyon, Duke of Abercorn, Lady E. Ward, and Duchess of Abercorn.

THE KING AND QUEEN WITH MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE-PARTY AT VICEREGAL LODGE.

Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

OPENING OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY:

MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A., IN HIS STUDIO.



[Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."]

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THE JEWEL OF SEVEN STARS.	BRAM STOKER.
THE ISLAND PHARISEES.	JOHN GALSWORTHY.
THE COURT OF SACHARISSA.	{ HUGH SHERINGHAM AND NEVILL MEAKIN.

ON MAY 9.
THE FAITH OF MEN. JACK LONDON.
 Author of "The Call of the Wild."

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
MAY 7.

THE KING AND QUEEN
IN IRELAND.

THE JAPANESE OPERATIONS
ON THE YALU.

THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
MAY 7.

OFFICE: 198, STRAND, W.C.

"OLD WEST SURREY."

In another part of this issue a review of Miss Gertrude Jekyll's "Old
 West Surrey" appears, in which the writer of the article styles the
 author "Mrs. Jekyll." Owing to the exigencies of printing, it was
 impossible to rectify the error, so we trust that Miss Jekyll will
 accept our apologies.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Bradford this week recalls how sincere and how practical has now been for many years past the interest taken by the Princess of Wales in the British silk industry; indeed, it would not be too much to say that to the efforts of the late Duchess of Teck the revival of this once national industry was greatly due. During the last years of the Duchess's beneficent life she gave an immense amount of time and thought

to the subject, and both she and "Princess May" were greatly instrumental in bringing about the first Exhibition of British silks which took place at Lord Egerton of Tatton's splendid house in St. James's Square. The two Royal ladies paid some ten years ago a memorable visit to Spitalfields, and it was characteristic of the practical Duchess that she had brought her own dressmaker in order to convince her that silks made in England were equal if not superior in beauty to those imported from France. Another Exhibition was held later at Stafford House, and the Ladies' National Association, formed to encourage British silk industries, grew by leaps and bounds. It need hardly be said that every piece of silk utilised in her daughter's trousseau was ordered by the Duchess of Teck from British makers, and the good work then begun has been continued by the Princess of Wales.

The Emperor of Austria.

There is just the possibility that the Emperor Francis Joseph will not come to England to pay a visit to the King this summer, after all. The Emperor is most anxious to come to London, but he is very old, and his doctors are afraid that he might not be able to stand the fatigues of an official visit. Besides, there is the precarious state of affairs in the Balkans, which at any moment may necessitate intervention on the part of Austria-Hungary, and there is also the complicated internal situation in both Austria and Hungary. These political matters have caused the Emperor a great deal of worry, and, added to his advanced age, may possibly keep him at home this summer, much to his disappointment. If the visit has to be abandoned, it will be a cause of sincere regret in England.

Lord Suffolk's Company.

But slightly modifying the title of one of the most successful of the musical comedies in the Strand, Lord Suffolk's Company of distinguished amateur actors might be styled "The Earl and the Country Girl." Not only has the Company playing "A Country Girl" been organised by the

Earl, who traces his descent back to Lord Thomas Howard, that second son of the fourth Duke of Norfolk who was created Earl of Suffolk by James I. in the year of his accession, but he is himself taking the part of Sir Joseph Verity, which at Daly's was acted by Mr. Fred Kaye. Lord Suffolk, who has had a good deal of experience in amateur theatricals in India, where he was on the Viceroy's Staff, has started on his little tour with the intention of benefitting certain worthy objects. At Charlton Park, near Malmesbury, the Earl's country seat, the first three performances were appropriately given in order to benefit the organ fund of Charlton Church, after which the Company went to Cirencester, where they acted for the last three nights last week, and then on to Chippenham. The whole production reflected the greatest credit on Lord Suffolk's directing abilities, and the leading members of the Company acquitted themselves admirably, while the orchestra and chorus, under the direction of Lady Muriel Coventry, called forth the warmest approval.

Their Majesties' Irish Visit: Lismore.

Lismore has been called the Windsor of Ireland. Like the cradle of English Kings, the Irish home of the Duke of Devonshire overhangs a noble reach of water, and certainly as regards the interior of the Castle it compares quite favourably with its rival. Like Kilkenny, Lismore claims to be one of the oldest inhabited houses in the kingdom: a more interesting claim to fame is that there Spenser is said to have written at any rate a portion of "The Faerie Queene." The gardens are wonderfully lovely, and will certainly much delight the Queen, very fine being the yew avenue, which has but one rival, that at Haddon Hall. The Duchess of Devonshire is very fond of Ireland, and both she and the Duke have made themselves much beloved in the neighbourhood of Lismore; they make there a considerable stay each year, often entertaining noted fishermen, for the Duke owns many miles of the world-famous Blackwater.



THE EARL OF SUFFOLK'S "COUNTRY GIRL" COMPANY: HIS LORDSHIP AS SIR JOSEPH VERITY.

Mrs. J. D. Gouldsmith. Earl of Suffolk. Mrs. Carew-Yorstoum



Lady Eleanor Byng. Lady Norah Noel. Countess of Suffolk. Lady Muriel Coventry.

[Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.]

THE EARL OF SUFFOLK'S "COUNTRY GIRL" COMPANY: A GENERAL GROUP OF THE ACTORS, ACTRESSES, AND ORCHESTRA AT CHARLTON PARK, WILTSHIRE.

Sir Herbert Maxwell.

By the retirement of Sir Herbert Maxwell, who is not to stand again, Literature may gain more than Parliament loses. Sir Herbert has been a member since 1880, but has taken very little part in debate during recent years. Surprise was caused by his omission from the Unionist Government in 1895, seeing that he had held office in Lord Salisbury's previous Administration, but, perhaps, if he had been burdened with official duties, he would not have produced "The Life of the Duke of Wellington," or edited "The Creevey Papers," which have given more entertainment to politicians than any number of speeches. Sir Herbert has been mentioned as a skilful writer to whom may be entrusted the preparation of the biography of Lord Beaconsfield. As he is only fifty-nine, it is probable that he will yet make important additions to his already numerous works in history, archæology, fiction, and natural history.

The Young Chancellor.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain has by his speeches in debate deepened the good impression he made on Budget Day. While piloting his taxing resolutions through the House he has been confronted by many clever critics and by some bores, and he has shown readiness and courtesy. His manner is pleasant. He hits hard but is free from malice. No other Cabinet Minister, not even Mr. Balfour, has sat with him through the debates on details. He himself was considered sufficient to deal with these. His only companion, as a rule, has been Mr. Victor Cavendish, the Secretary to the Treasury. The association of a Cavendish with a Chamberlain for the second generation interests the House.

The Aliens Bill.

This Bill, enabling the authorities to keep out undesirable aliens, is making good progress through the House of Commons. Its second reading was carried by a large majority. A dozen Liberals voted for it, among those who spoke in its support being such good members of the Opposition as Mr. Sydney Buxton and Mr. Henry Norman. It was pleaded that there was no desire to interfere with the right of political asylum. The supporters of the Bill ridiculed the idea that a Mazzini, however poor, would be excluded. Those people whom they desired to keep out were the scum from the East of Europe. All the ability of Sir Charles Dilke failed to move the House against the Bill.

Sir Charles Dilke.

Who is the most industrious man in the House of Commons? Most members would answer, "Sir Charles Dilke." He is constant in attendance, he is familiar with every subject and every move of the Parliamentary game, and his speeches are mines of information. It is said that Sir Charles employs several private secretaries, but much of his information is evidently derived at first-hand. Although he lacks humour, his style, if not popular, is quite Parliamentary. He is a very influential member of the House, and has won respect by his invariable courtesy and by his readiness to help new members. To him members in need of guidance turn as to an encyclopædia.

Those Statues.

There has been much talk this week, small and otherwise, upon the Boulevards of the coincidence of Messrs. Loubet and Hohenzollern's visits to the South, and from St. Petersburg have faded into insignificance before the rumours of the Roman fate of the statues of Victor Hugo and Goethe (writes our Paris Correspondent). You know, of course, that Kaiser Wilhelm sent a statue of the poet Goethe to the Romans, and that the Romans, having several poets of their own and rather more statues than they quite know what to do with, have not unpacked the poet Goethe yet. You also know, or should know, that, during President Loubet's Roman visit, a statue of the poet Victor Hugo, presented by the town of Paris to the town of Rome, was unveiled, and that, according to original arrangements, the King of Italy was to have been present at the ceremony with his Presidential guest. The King was not present, and the light of the unveiled Hugo's countenance

shone upon M. Loubet only, while small talk has it that His Majesty's abstention was due to an exchange of telegrams with Kaiser Wilhelm, or his representative, who looked upon the glorification of Hugo as a slight on the memory of Goethe. Frenchmen are laughing at the notion, for, as they say, so few Frenchmen or Italians can pronounce Goethe's name, which they call "Goaty," "Got," "Get," "Gut" (these pronunciations are phonetically written), or Schiller, as the humour takes them, and Victor-Hugo wouldn't mind if Goethe got a statue in St. Petersburg. But Kaiser Wilhelm's humour often strikes one as being blunt about the edge when statues are in question. The funniest thing about the Roman visit has been, to my mind, the extraordinary language used about it by the French Opposition Press. "To whistle down and hoot at Loubet in the streets of Paris was and will always be good French political behaviour; but once he is across the frontier, the animal becomes a holy thing: he is the Head and Chief of France. It's pitiable, but that's the way it is!" The writer of this noble sentiment is M. Maurice Barrès, and the paper printing it is the *Gaulois*.

"Patriotic Comedy."

"La Montansier" has had, a friend informs me, a modern follower this year at Port Arthur, where, until the outbreak of the war, and even after it, a French troupe had been playing "Madame Sans-Gêne" and "La Dame aux Camélias" in French to crowded houses. They had been having nightly receipts of two thousand and two thousand five hundred roubles in the local theatre, when one night, on their return to the hotel, they found the whole place in an uproar and crowds of half-dressed Japanese getting off to the railway station. In spite of their departure, which the actors were told was due to hasty orders from the Consul at Che-Foo, the Company played a piece on the Russo-Turkish War, "La Prise d'Ismail," next evening, but this performance was disturbed by the news of the attack on the *Retvisan*, the *Tsarevitch*, and the *Pallada*. This time they all decamped and took the first train they could get for Russia; but, a few weeks ago, another troupe started from Paris for Port Arthur, to play "patriotic comedy," whatever that may be, if they can get permission from Admiral Alexeieff.

Presidents' Nicknames.

In the old days of the Monarchy, every French King was known by a nickname, and, to carry on the tradition, the Parisian wits have found epithets for the Presidents of the Third Republic. Thus, M. Thiers is nicknamed "the Short," Marshal MacMahon "the Gallant," M. Grévy "the Trafficker," M. Carnot "the Silent," M. Casimir-Périer "the Transitory," M. Félix Faure "the Handsome," and M. Loubet "the Bonneted." The last nickname, of course, refers to the scene on the racecourse when the President had his hat knocked over his eyes by an excited young Baron. Probably history will give the present Chief of the Republic some more worthy name than this, which is evidently the invention of his enemies.

New Royal Londoners.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will be a brilliant addition to the already large group of Royal Londoners, the more so that their Royal

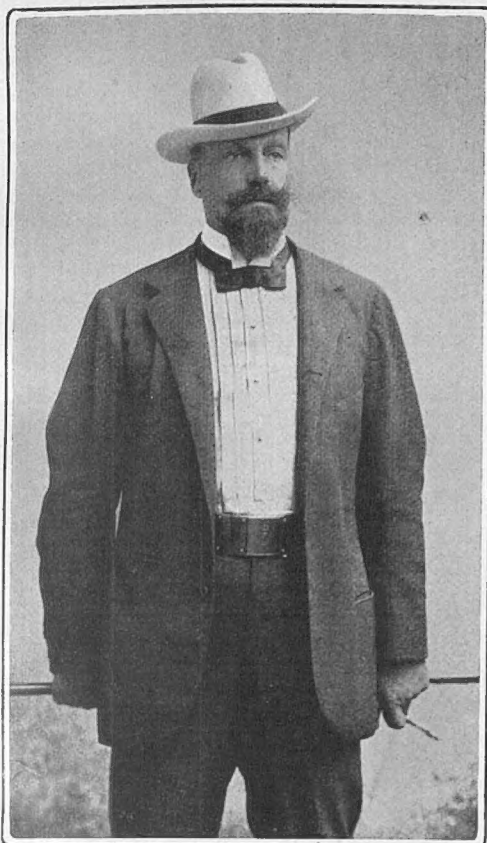
Highnesses will take up their permanent residence at Clarence House, which has been but little inhabited of late years, and of which the charming garden will probably see some interesting gatherings during the next two months. Since the children of their present Majesties were quite young, Society has been without the enlivening presence of youthful Princesses and bachelor Princes. Princess Margaret and Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught became immensely popular in Dublin, and Prince Arthur is said to be an exceptionally pleasant and unaffected Prince. Accordingly, the three young Royalities are likely to be in great request at all the splendid entertainments of the Season. The Duke and Duchess will spend the Duke's brief holidays from the War Office at Bagshot Park, and they intend to entertain in their country home a large party for Ascot.



THE EARL OF SUFFOLK'S "COUNTRY GIRL" COMPANY:
MRS. J. D. GOULDSMITH AS NAN.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

An Imperial Sailor. The Grand Duke Alexis is the nominal head of the Russian Navy. He is the Czar's bachelor uncle, and has played for some forty years a very prominent rôle in St. Petersburg Society, as well as in the Imperial Family. It is now



THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS OF RUSSIA.

Photograph by Numa Blanc, Cannes.

whispered in Russia that the Grand Duke, who is a very shrewd man, implored his nephew not to place so great a responsibility on Admiral Makaroff, whom the Grand Duke, for reasons best known to himself, regarded as too foolhardy and daring. Doubtless, the Grand Duke, who is by no means an old man, for he was only fifty-four on his last birthday, is annoyed at not having been placed in supreme command of the War Fleet; but, had he been, Russia might now be bewailing his loss, and that, from the point of view of the great world which clusters round about the Imperial Palaces, would be a terrible misfortune, for the Grand Duke Alexis is a generous and kindly individual, credited with strong French sympathies and with having done his by no means

inconsiderable best to bring about the Franco-Russian Alliance. The Grand Duke, who is a fine-looking man, is a keen sportsman and an admirable linguist. Those Royal personages who find their way to the banks of the Neva are magnificently entertained by him.



THE MARQUIS OF ORMONDE, WHO HAS BEEN ENTERTAINING THE KING AND QUEEN AT KILKENNY CASTLE.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

The Crown Prince of Germany.

The series of visits which the Crown Prince of Germany has been paying have for their object the finding of a bride for the heir to the Crown of Germany. The Kaiser is very desirous of seeing his eldest son safely married, and his idea was that, if a marriage could be arranged with the Cumberland family, the question of the Hanoverian succession might be happily settled for good and all. But the difficulties come from the family of the intended bride, who cannot forgive the forcible annexation of the Kingdom of Hanover to Prussia. The Crown Prince is ready enough to travel about and to visit his connections, but he does not seem to be a very determined wooer, so, for the time being, matters are hanging fire. Moreover, the young Prince is self-willed, like his father, and it is not easy to drive him where he does not want to go.

Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's New Play.

The production by Mrs. Patrick Campbell of a play written by Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton will be one of the social as well as one of the dramatic events of the Season. Although the title of the drama—for it will be a drama rather than a comedy—is not entirely settled, it has been tentatively announced as "The Thread of the Season." In what is frankly a problem-play, the clever wife of the Colonial Secretary has set herself the task of showing the "smart" world at what a sacrifice some of its pleasures, and especially its pretty



A NEW DRAMATIST: THE HON. MRS. ALFRED LYTTELTON, WIFE OF THE COLONIAL SECRETARY.

Photograph by Helen McCaul, Victoria Street, W.

frocks and frills, are produced by those who inhabit what poor George Gissing rightly called the Nether World. The leading character of the piece will be a work-girl, to be played, of course, by Mrs. Patrick Campbell herself.

The King's Host.

Lord Ormonde, who has just been entertaining the King so magnificently at Kilkenny Castle, is Hereditary Chief Butler of Ireland. His beautiful wife was one of the daughters of the late Duke of Westminster, and, though she is a grandmother, she does not look much older than when she was painted by Millais, in the days when she was still Lady Elizabeth Grosvenor. Lord Ormonde's great hobby is yachting, and, as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, he is king of the yachting world. Kilkenny Castle has the unique distinction of being the oldest inhabited mansion in the United Kingdom, and it is said that some of the rooms actually used by Lord and Lady Ormonde are practically exactly as they were close on a thousand years ago. A great feature of the Castle is the splendid picture-gallery, hung with one of the finest private collections belonging to a non-Royal personage in Europe. Curiously enough, more valuable, as regards actual intrinsic worth, than any one of the paintings at Kilkenny Castle is a unique tea-and-coffee service of Old Hague ware, of which single pieces are sought by collectors and willingly purchased at more than their weight in gold. Lord and Lady Ormonde, on such an occasion as a Royal visit to their ancestral home, are generally helped to do the honours by their two daughters, of whom the eldest, Lady Beatrice, is the wife of that gallant soldier, Sir Reginald Pole-Carew.

A "Shaksperian Bazaar."

For the last fortnight Stratford-on-Avon has been thronged with visitors from far and near assembled to do honour to the memory of the man who made its name famous for all time. But while the performances of Mr. F. R. Benson and his Company in the Memorial Theatre on the banks of the placid river have, naturally, been the chief attraction, not a little interest has been aroused by the preparations for the Bazaar

was a distinguished artist, and she studied with him from earliest youth; but from the first her favourite sitters were dogs, and dogs only, though the first picture she exhibited at the Royal Academy showed a number of red-deer grouped on a mountain-side. Every kind of dog has sat in Miss Earl's beautiful studio. She is equally happy when dealing with a huge bloodhound or with one of those toy-terriers which now lead the canine fashions. Perhaps her most exciting sitters were two fine Esquimaux dogs, who very much disliked the boredom of sitting still, and who, when they found themselves fastened securely to the legs of a heavy old sofa, once the property of Thackeray, and now a valued possession of the artist, started resolutely off, dragging it with them, under the impression that they were harnessed to a sledge. An interesting experience was Miss Earl's visit to Windsor not long before the death of our late Sovereign, and she has also done some of her best work at Sandringham, where she painted, among others of the King and Queen's favourites, Alex, and Jack, whose death, it will be remembered, took place during His Majesty's last visit to Ireland.

Lord Duncannon. Lord Duncannon, who has succeeded to some of the late Mr. Frederick

Gordon's Chairmanships, is an excellent man of business. Starting in the Navy, he was called to the Bar, and acted as Mr. Speaker Peel's secretary for eleven years—in fact, till his chief went up to the Lords. This was a splendid training for him, and, no doubt, contributed to build up his position in the world of *la haute finance*. A greater contrast to the ordinary titled "guinea-pig" could not be imagined. He has taken over the management of the Irish estates of his venerable father, Lord Bessborough, and breeds shorthorns, farms scientifically, and boasts of a contented tenantry. Lady Duncannon, the tall, fair, charming sister of Lord Wimborne, is keenly interested in Irish cottage-industries, and has a shop in Brook Street for the sale of tweeds, homespuns, and embroideries. Both Lord and Lady Duncannon have cultivated artistic tastes, and their fine old house in

Cavendish Square, built by the brothers Adam, is full of beautiful things, including some exquisite fans and old china.

Lady Curzon of Kedleston.

A very powerful as well as a very good fairy must have presided over Lady Curzon of Kedleston's destinies from the day of her birth, for she has established more than one record even among American women. She is the first daughter of the Stars and Stripes who has reigned as uncrowned Queen over India, and she is also the first American Peeress who has ever been mistress of the wonderful old Castle which is the pleasant perquisite of whatever distinguished Englishman happens to be for the moment Warden of the Cinque Ports. As Miss Mary Leiter, Lady Curzon of Kedleston was deservedly popular, for to exceptional beauty she joined an Old rather than a New World dignity of bearing and charm of manner.

Features of the Fair.

The Bazaar will be opened to-morrow by the Marquis of Hertford, and on Friday by Mr. Philip S. Foster, M.P. for the Stratford Division, and the stalls, which are substantially built, will be found to be accurate representations of Shakspeare's birthplace and of various other quaint and historic buildings in the poet's town, while the lady attendants are to be clad in the picturesque costumes of characters in his plays. A String Band will perform each day, and a popular feature will undoubtedly be the "Half-hour Entertainments," when Shaksperian tableaux, songs, recitations, duets, quartettes, character-sketches, and instrumental pieces will figure in the programme. The names of the distinguished patrons and stall-holders would almost fill a column, and one can therefore mention only those of the Honorary Secretaries, through whose efforts the successful completion of the manifold arrangements has been largely due. These are Mr. G. M. Bird (the Mayor), Colonel Studdy, and Mr. Latimer Greene. To the latter the compilation of an exceedingly artistic and beautifully illustrated programme has been a labour of love, and it may be hoped that it will not be "Love's Labour's Lost." The concluding verse on the first page, addressed to "Our Visitors," may be quoted here—

Help them—they cannot help themselves—
To struggle back again
To life and labour, child and wife,
To work, with hand or brain.
So buy our goods—clear all our stalls!
You help the sick and sad
Along the road to health and strength,
And this shall make you glad!

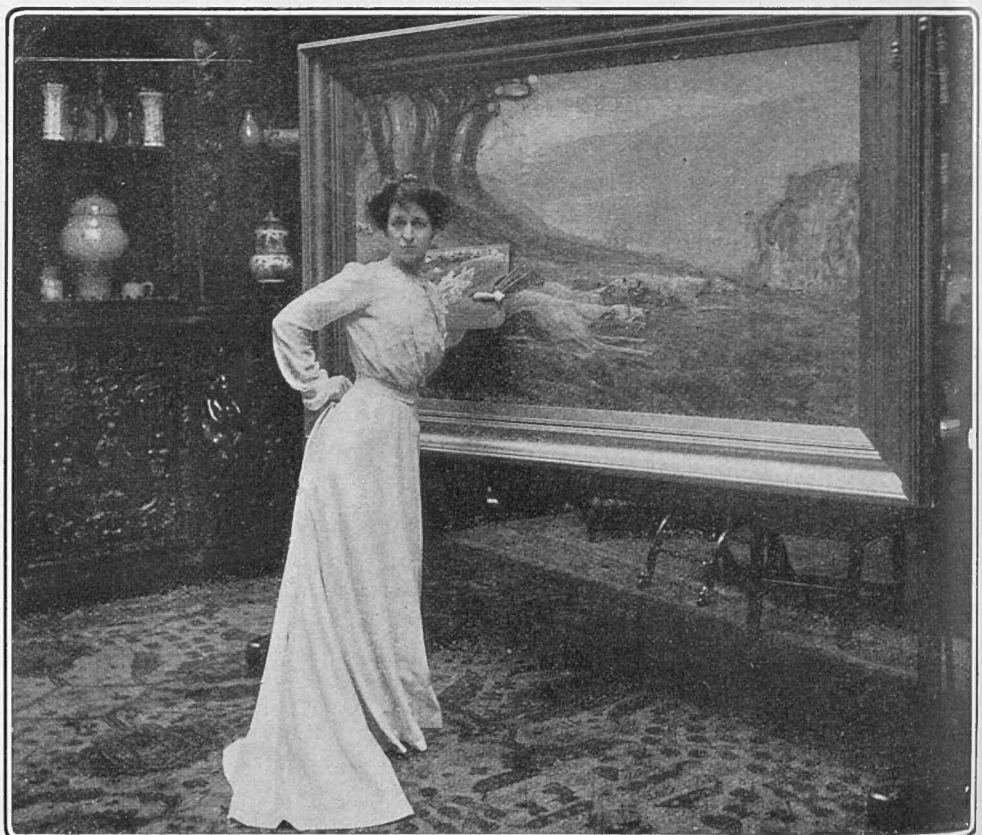
A Lady Animal- Painter.

Miss Maud Earl may claim to have inherited a fold of Rosa Bonheur's mantle, for she is one of the most successful dog-painters of the day, and among those who have shown in a practical manner their delight in her admirable work are the King and Queen, and Royal dog-lovers all over the Continent. Miss Maud Earl's own father



Stratford-on-Avon Hospital.

A GREAT "SHAKSPERIAN BAZAAR" IN AID OF THIS HOSPITAL WILL BE HELD IN THE TOWN HALL AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON TO-MORROW AND FRIDAY.



MISS MAUD EARL, THE WELL-KNOWN DOG-PAINTER.

Photograph by Moyse, Putney.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1904: A BRIEF SURVEY.

(SEE SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT.)

OF course, the most popular picture in the present exhibition at Burlington House will be the Hon. John Collier's "Mrs. Kendal, Miss Ellen Terry, and Mr. Tree in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.'" It does not follow that the most popular picture is the best, but here we have all the elements of attraction combined with a fine scheme of colour and creditable workmanship, so that there will be plenty of justification for the crowds who will strive, with moderate success, to get a glimpse of the arch and vivacious expressions of the two gifted ladies and the actor, whose identity is completely hidden by his excellent "make-up," in their rendering of the memorable clothes-basket scene. Visitors to the summer picture-shows, however, have various standpoints: some simply wish to admire and to be amused, others require subjects for conversation, and a considerable section desire to investigate the artistic significance of the works.

Those in the last category will find a good deal to occupy their attention, and will, no doubt, examine the beautiful and poetic colour-harmony, "Lilian," by the veteran master, Mr. G. F. Watts, with the keenest appreciation, for it manifests a sense of beauty and a power of craftsmanship undiminished by time, and causes us to rejoice that British art is still enriched by one of the greatest painters of the age.

appeal to everyone; but the work is a masterpiece of tone and technique, for all the brilliance of sunlight is attained without the contrast of heavy shadows, and the management of colour shows extraordinary refinement and subtlety. This work deservedly has a place on the wall of honour in the Third Gallery.

Professor Herkomer's likeness of "The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain" must necessarily be among the portraits that will excite interest, and a remarkably pictorial and effective portrait of "Miss Gladys Raphael" by Mr. J. J. Shannon is sure to be appreciated. Other striking works in the Third Gallery are "The Seine-boat," in which there are some forcibly rendered figures and a sunlit sea, by Mr. Stanhope Forbes; a fine imaginative work entitled "An Allegory," the meaning of which the visitor will be interested to unravel, by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon; and the classical figure "Asterie," for which Sir E. J. Poynter has found inspiration in one of the odes of Horace. The picture shows the President's accustomed skill in draughtsmanship and elaborate technique, as also does "The Nymph's Bathing-place," wherein is depicted a pretty nude figure, whose auburn hair makes a happy combination with the salmon robe which she has just cast off.

Mr. Briton Riviere is represented by the richly coloured picture, "Youth," in which there is a handsome horse that carries a boy on the



TIMBER-HAULING IN THE NEW FOREST.—LUCY KEMP-WELCH.

Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

As usual, Mr. Sargent supplies matter for the consideration of those who are concerned with the artistic side of the exhibition. His "Countess of Lathom" and "Major-General Leonard Wood" are fine examples of his characteristic workmanship, but greater interest attaches to his bold representation of the Duchess of Sutherland in a scheme of green. She is clad in a brilliant emerald evening-dress against a background of foliage, an arrangement so original and audacious that it may be reckoned as a *tour de force*. None but the most accomplished colourist could have escaped vulgarity in such a scheme, but Mr. Sargent has managed it with such skill that, even if it is not entirely pleasing as a colour arrangement, it demands admiration as a technical achievement. Attention may be directed to the charmingly painted arm, but the head, to my mind, is not entirely successful, for, though the likeness may be there, the character which is so marked an adjunct to her Grace's beauty is somewhat missed. Mr. Sargent's best work, however, is in very different style. This is the low-toned portrait of "Mrs. Wertheimer," who wears a black dress against a background of deep, reserved colour amid which the still-life is delightfully suggested. It is a dignified and penetrating representation of an old lady; and a remarkable opportunity is afforded of studying the differences of technique employed by two great artists through the presence in the same room of a somewhat similar scheme by Sir W. B. Richmond, who, in "Madame Errera," has depicted an elderly lady in black with much sympathy and judgment. There are some pictures that combine the qualities of popularity with great artistic interest, and notable among them is Mr. Annesley Brown's "The Bridge." A typical English scene in which a herd of finely drawn cattle, passing over a bridge, is illuminated by the slanting sunlight, while all the surroundings are suggestive of country delights in the summer, must

edge of a precipice. The lad is playing with a hawk, and is quite unaware of his danger, thereby typifying the dalliance of youth in unsuspected peril. Near this is one of the best landscapes in the exhibition, namely, "In the West Country," to which the glories of summer have been imparted by Mr. Alfred Parsons. The splendour of Renaissance costume is shown by Mr. E. A. Abbey in "A Measure," with a girl in white dancing in the foreground, while the musicians and onlookers form interesting groups in an appropriate setting. Mr. E. G. Fuller shows a pretty seascape with attractive colour in "Gleams of Light on Troubled Waters."

Some splendid horses straining at their work appear in "Timber-hauling in the New Forest" by Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch. There is a brilliant mediæval scene, "Vox Populi," by Mr. E. Blair Leighton, who represents the populace hailing their boy Prince, and has put some exquisite workmanship into the costumes, armour, and other accessories. A large and curious work of the allegorical order by Sigismund Goetze, entitled "Despised and Rejected of Men," and Mr. R. Sauber's striking but peculiar conception, "Mammon," will, no doubt, be subjects of a good deal of discussion. On a great scale is the imposing ceremonial picture of "The Opening of the First Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales," painted by Mr. Tom Roberts, and presented by the Commonwealth Government to the King, at whose command it is now exhibited. The historic occasion is vividly and forcibly portrayed in this work, which cannot fail to arouse a patriotic interest. Some admirable landscapes by such masters of the art as Mr. David Murray, Sir E. Waterlow, Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. Alfred East, and Mr. H. W. B. Davis add greatly to the interest of the exhibition, which, however, in point of average merit, does not exceed the ordinary standard.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.



[DRAWN BY R. C. CARTER.]

A REAL CONVERSATION.

SNAKE: S—s—s—s!

CHARMER: What's the matter, old girl?

SNAKE: If you play "Pansy Faces" again I shall sting.

T IRED of travelling, I left my train and took my morning paper to the seashore. The latest war intelligence was quite unintelligible, mere *réchauffé* of the pleasing information that an advance was imminent. Japan was taking an advance on the Yalu, and Russia was getting an advance from Paris—at least, that seemed to be the true inwardness of the situation. Then the morning breeze rolled a paper over the pebbles; it was tied in a small parcel. "Perchance," I said to myself, "a message from oversea. Perhaps a 'scoop' that shall give me real news from the seat of conflict and make me a War Correspondent in spite of myself." So I opened the paper with a light heart, and behold it was the *War Cry*, official journal of the Salvation Army. But just as I was about to reject it with scorn, being beyond salvation, a second thought struck me, and I turned the pages, to realise that I had news galore of fierce contests and terrific excursions accompanied by alarums. Here was information that no morning paper published, hot from the seat of war. Here were operations conducted by Colonels and Brigadiers, Majors and Ensigns, all unknown to fame. Here were recorded captures and destruction of the enemy's store. I preserved the paper long enough to note some of the most startling incidents of General Booth's campaign. Read, mark, and digest, I pray you, for never in the history of *The Sketch* have these fights been set down in its frivolous pages.

WAR NEWS.

"At Workop on Sunday night four sinners surrendered.

"The return of two backsliders is reported from Sleetburn.

"Ensign and Mrs. Roberts led Sunday's meetings at Homerton. There were nine captures.

"Brigadier and Mrs. Whiller have visited Goole . . . There were

seven souls at the cross. In spite of the allurements of the Devil, a young man knelt in the open-air ring on Saturday night at Spalding and sought salvation.

"Brigadier and Mrs. Gale visited Portsmouth for the week-end, and swore in seventeen comrades under the colours.

"Plympton Corps is little but all alive, and souls are being saved.

"During Eastertide ten souls were captured at Merthyr.

"Between two and three o'clock at Oldham, we had eight kinds of weather, including a snow-storm, and at the inside meeting that followed sixteen souls were captured. Monday was another glorious day; Major Wilson was in command."

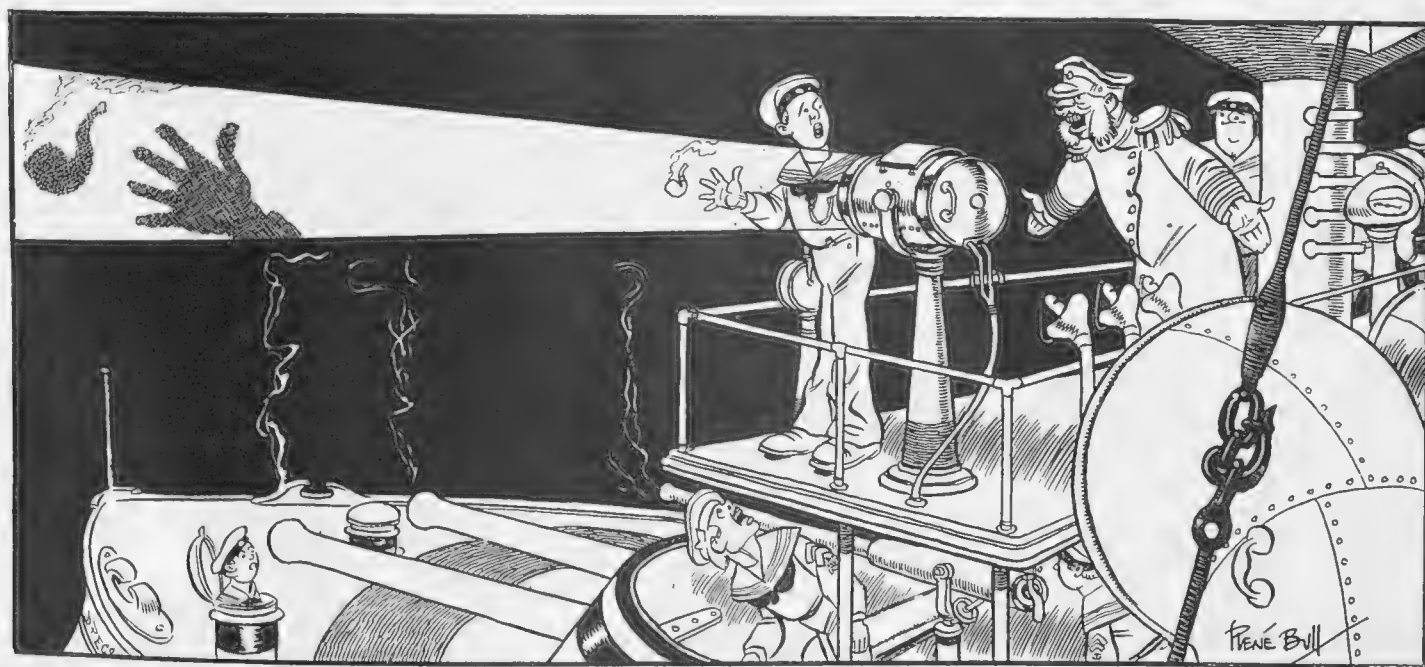
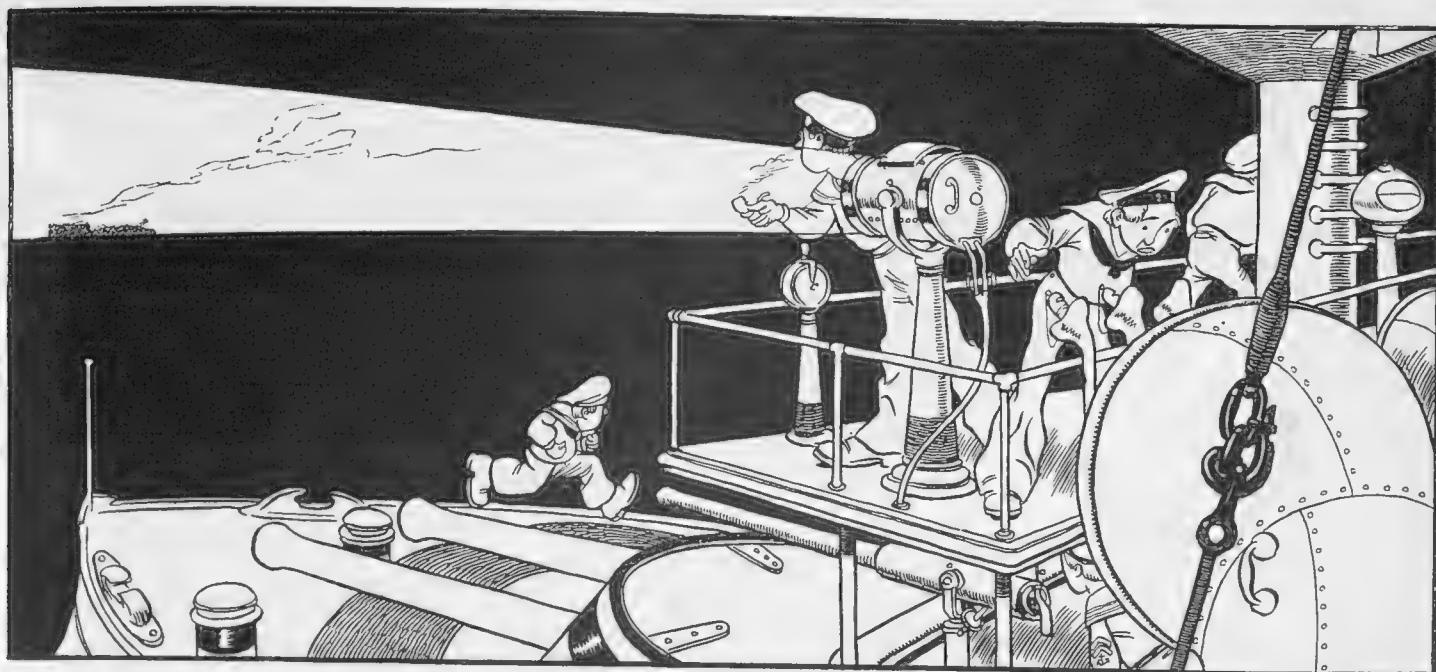
I don't care to quote any more reports of these victories, but am pleased to see that several "drunks" and terrors of the village are reported captured, and many pipes and tobacco-pouches are among the slain. *Vive le Général!*

I read a paragraph in a daily paper and seemed to hear a wail of despair rise from the great unacted—a sigh of sorrow from Dan even unto Beersheba. The glory has departed from the "Brit." which is Hoxton way. It is no longer a home of the "legitimate," and no fewer than eight hundred melodramas that must have accumulated since the days when the Lanes entered upon their heritage have been bought by Mr. Arthur Williams, the comedian. He has gone through them—industrious comedian!—he has tested them, and they are as pure gold. Situations have not altered much in the last fifty years; then, as now, there were great sensations culminating ever in the triumph of the cardinal virtues. So, instead of paying large fees to expert modern melodramatists, managers will be able to go to Mr. Arthur Williams and give him an order for so many pounds or hundredweight of tried melodrama with fifty years' character, warranted, with a little polishing, to endure for another generation or two. Most of the writers of the eight hundred were men of experience and knew well how to fill the auditorium of the "Brit." with cheers or hisses.

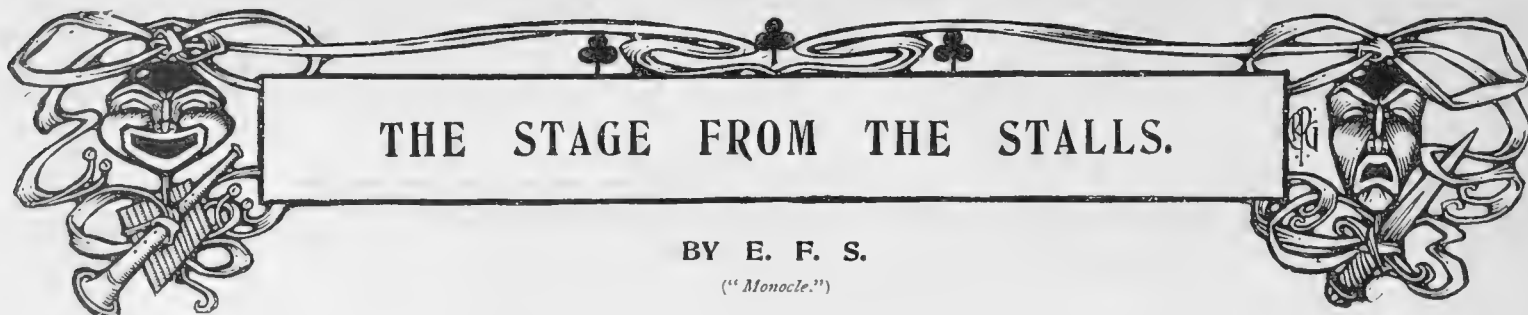
If the Anti-vaccination crowd admitted to their councils anything so vulgar as reason, the small-pox returns from Germany would give them furiously to think. My daily paper prints the figures, premising that Germany's population is, roughly, half as large again as that of the British Isles. There is no use for the Anti-vaccination faddist in Germany, and in the past twelve years there have been but six hundred deaths—that is to say, about one a-week in a population of more than fifty millions. In Great Britain, where we tolerate the conscientious objector and deal tenderly with the poor creature's whims, there have been six thousand seven hundred deaths in the same period among a population that reckons up to two-thirds of Germany's.

Port Arthur telegrams to my morning paper are full of contemptuous pity for poor Japan. At the time of writing, Port Arthur is as gay as Sevilla in the *Semana Santa*. The band plays in the park, well-dressed crowds of women and children stroll or play among the spring flowers. The loss of the *Petropavlovsk* is no more than a regrettable incident that will be fatal to Japan, sooner or later. Far out on the horizon the humiliated fleet of poor Admiral Togo, battered out of all pretence to usefulness by Russian guns, is seen looking enviously at the fortress it cannot approach. General Kuropatkin has half-a-million men eager and ready for the fray, not a button is lacking from their tunics, they have three good meals a-day. Japan flounders deep in the Korean mud, dreading the vengeance of Holy Russia, whom she has irritated. "We have not yet taken the offensive," shrieks the Port Arthur telegraphist, "and the enemy is already bankrupt." Japan, while bearing up under her heavy load of losses, declares that Russia has been both taking and offensive for years. Doubtless the Island Empire will have met with more disasters ere these lines are published. The Vladivostock Squadron means business. Though it consists of no more than four cruisers and six torpedo-boats, it has destroyed four hundred tons of Japanese shipping. Woe to the fishing-smack or sampan that crosses its victorious path!

A SEARCH-LIGHT ALARM AND HOW IT HAPPENED.



DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL (IN LONDON).



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"CANDIDA"—THE ST. JAMES'S—"THE HOUSE OF BURNSIDE."

"I SHOULD like to cry," said a young lady next to me, "but I am afraid, because that horrid Mr. Shaw may make a speech afterwards and say that it was not in the least pathetic, or he will write a preface or do something else objectionable to show that I was a fool for my tears." Since she did not say this to me, I could

not intervene, but, after reading some of the notices on "Candida," I begin to understand her position. Some of the critics have adopted the Figaro attitude in pure terror of finding "G. B. S." mocking their emotions, and were so anxious not to be caught napping that they were a little too wide-awake. So they have affected to treat the play as being merely a prodigious jest. Mr. Shaw has himself to thank for this: if he were to write a play as poignant as "King Lear," as tragic as "Hamlet," as gloomy as "The Good Hope," and put every earnest emotion of his soul into it, some timid people would refuse to take it seriously. I am shameless. If Mr. Shaw caught me really moved by some scenes in the last Act of "Candida" and were to jeer, I should merely retort that authors are no better judges of their plays than mothers of their babes, and that, if it appears to me really moving and dramatic, it is really moving and dramatic, whatever he may think.

At the same time, I believe that he wrote the play as a real, serious comedy; and it is. There may be touches of farce and quaint turns of intellectual practical-joking at the expense of the audience and even of the characters. Yet the play is dramatic, if one really understood. Viewed superficially as a sex drama, with the contest of Morell and Marchbanks for

the love—in the ordinary stage sense of the term—of Candida, it may seem weak, because the combatants are too ill-matched. Looked upon as a drama significant of the strife of two temperaments—two souls, indeed—for ascendancy, with, as a crucial scene, the almost tremendous revelation to the parson and the poet of their respective weaknesses, it is very powerful and even thrilling. The short-sighted may regard it as a drama with a possible Divorce Court solution. None of the three principals look on the combat in that light, but as a battle of unsensual wills. I found it, for the second time, quite thrilling.

There is an accepted theory that if you wish a jury to understand a matter you must explain it thrice, but this gives no reason for explaining things six times to an audience. Yet we were treated thus, or thereabouts, in "The House of Burnside," and the amount of repetition was wearisome—a fault that may be remedied. The piece, adapted by Mr. L. N. Parker from the French, presented by Mr. Edward Terry at his theatre, and very favourably received, will not please everybody; indeed, I confess that it appeals to me less successfully than I believe it should have done on its actual merit. The matter is one of temperament. Richard Burnside belongs to the "rough diamond" type. He has made his way in the world from before-the-mast to being owner of the Burnside line of steamers, which prosper. His hopes and ideals are bound up in Dick and Maggie Burnside, the children of Marion, his widowed daughter-in-law. Suddenly Fate strikes at him. He learns that Marion was faithless to his son—a worthless fellow, so dishonours were easy—and that one of the children, Dick or Maggie, is not his grandchild. For two Acts the play hinges on his desperate efforts to find out which is the cuckoo child. The mother refuses to tell, fearful lest he should drive the intruder out of his heart and fortune. It is, perhaps, a misfortune for the author that the relation of the man tortured by doubt is so comparatively remote as that of father-in-law and grandfather; were it a question of husband and child—a situation suggested by a character in the play and already subject of a French novel—the interest would be far greater. As it is, the strife between Burnside and Marion and the combat in his heart between love and pride seem a little disproportionate to the exact position; perhaps people with a true parental instinct will scoff at this idea of mine. At any rate, to me, although individual scenes were moving, the general matter was not deeply affecting. Moreover, for once one regrets the lack of an auxiliary plot. In the first Act, and a short first scene in the second Act, we get rid of everything not strictly pertinent and necessary to the theme, and since the theme, in a sense, is narrow, we had a saturated and, in the end, rather unsatisfactory solution of it. Yet, strange to say, several matters remain puzzling, and doubts have been raised as to which of the children was the real Burnside—I plump for Maggie—whilst the conduct of the wife in the last Act is beyond my understanding. The acting shows Mr. Terry at his best, for his eccentricities have been toned down, and both in the light and serious scenes he deeply impressed the house. Miss Kate Rorke played admirably as the erring wife. Little Miss Beatrice Terry was delightful as Maggie, and Miss Carlotta Addison's acting as an old servant was as good as anything in the piece. Mr. A. E. George's work as an old clerk deserves recognition.



THE LATE MISS NELLIE FARREN
AS "RUY BLAS."

(SEE PAGE 103.)

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Perhaps Mr. Shaw will say I am quite wrong. I have already been terribly be-wigged by him for suggesting an inaccurate view concerning "The Devil's Disciple," which, to his consternation, has been adopted by players in the piece ever since; but the critic is sometimes the looker-on who sees most of the game, or, to put him higher, resembles the virtuoso who, in some admitted instances, has expounded to the composer the unexpected full significance of his composition. Regarded in a more ordinary way, the play is thoroughly entertaining; the scenes with Miss "Prossy" Garnet, the pert, amorous typist, superbly represented by Miss Fairbrother, must delight every playgoer; whilst old Mr. Burgess, the rascally contractor, is a masterly piece of slightly farcical writing, and the part was well played in many scenes by Mr. Poulton. It could be wished that the rather too farcical humour of imagined madness were more restrained, but the fine restraint of the return home after the champagne-party is altogether admirable. The poet seems to me an achievement of which any dramatist might be proud, and Mr. Granville Barker's interpretation

STAGE AND STUDIO: A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY.



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH,
NOW PLAYING IN "HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

"THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION" AT EARL'S COURT.

TO BE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC BY THE LORD MAYOR ON WEDNESDAY NEXT.

HOW the words of Holofernes, "Vinegia, Vinegia, chi non te vede, ei non te pregia," sing themselves into the mind at the thought of the Italian Exhibition whose doors will be opened to the public on Wednesday next! The reason is obvious. Even if the "Queen of the Adriatic" does not fascinate



THE BLUE GROTTO OF CAPRI.

the mind of the modern man more than the stately grandeurs of Rome, with its ruined symbols of the past Mistress of the World mingled with the suggestion of the power of the United Italy of to-day, the picturesqueness of the silent water-ways crossed by bridges and bordered by stately palaces, into which the Empress Theatre has by the scene-painter's art been converted, is as irresistible as it is, perhaps, the dominant characteristic of the Show which has been prepared for the season of 1904. When one talks of scene-painting, it should be borne in mind that it is scene-painting with a difference. Canvas certainly is employed, but it is canvas here tricked out with wood, there covering strong steel structures, as, for instance, in the bridges, more than a dozen of which cross the mimic representation of the Grand Canal and the smaller canals which open into it.

Venice without the Bridge of Sighs, the famous Column surmounted by its Lion, would not be Venice at all, and, though these are not represented in reality, they appear on one of the great painted cloths which form the background of the more solid structures, in which the glint and veining of the original marble are carefully reproduced.

Prominent among the buildings to be recognised is the Palazzo Dario and the Car d'Oro, as well as the no less well-known church which has only a certain portion built of marble, because the money for the rest was not forthcoming. On the Canal float accurate reproductions of the gondolas, which a State ordinance declared should all be painted black, in order to prevent the too lavish display of the contending nobles, though a State-barge gay with many colours shows to what a pitch of picturesqueness those boats were capable of lending themselves.

While Venice thus, appropriately, queens it at Earl's Court, Rome has, naturally, not been neglected; and by means of four large paintings, twenty-odd bold reliefs, and hundreds of figures, Professor Giuseppe Marcelliani, of Rome, has built up a remarkable representation of the Forum as it existed in the year 300 A.D. The centre, the very heart-throb, as it were, of the Mistress of the World, is reproduced, with its temples, its commemorative columns and its columns of honour, its triumphal arches, &c., while in the no less famous Via Sacra (The Sacred Way) the triumph of Aurelian is represented by nearly six

hundred terra-cotta figures in the likeness of priests, soldiers, gladiators, slaves, vestals, flower-bearers, musicians, lictors, to say nothing of the animals, such as elephants, lions, and so forth, which every schoolboy knows went to make up the procession of the conquering hero as he wended his way to the Senate.

For those who have never been to Rome, the magnificent model of St. Peter's cannot fail to be one of the greatest attractions in the Exhibition. It covers an area of over three hundred square feet, and reproduces in every particular the most wonderful place of worship in the world. As a work of art, indeed, it has strong claims to recognition.

It was constructed by the order of Pope Pius VII in wood and ivory, and was, when finished, placed in the Museum of the Vatican, where it remained until 1849. Then, through the influence of Pius IX., it was obtained by Prince Torlogna. It was only three years ago that it was transferred to a new owner, and so the way was paved for it to be brought to London, to which all that is best in the world inevitably tends. Altogether, the work took more than a quarter of a century, but, when the extraordinary way in which each separate part is finished is taken into consideration, the time can hardly seem excessive even to the least technically educated spectator.

In a representation of the famous Theatre of La Scala, at Milan, the theatrical and variety entertainments will be given by artists of acknowledged reputation. The whole direction of the programme is in the hands of Mr. George Ashton, of Ashton's Royal Library, Bond Street, whose name is a sufficient guarantee that only what is the most excellent in the world of the variety artist will be offered for the amusement of the visitor, who will also be able to see at work the most famous Venetian glass-blowers and mosaic-makers in the world. He will also have the opportunity of feasting off real Italian dishes prepared by real Italian cooks in real Italian restaurants, which are quite different from the supposedly similar establishments in the Strand or Soho.



AN OLD VENETIAN HOUSE ON A "SIDE" CANAL.

Pretty, too, with a typical prettiness, is the Italian village, with its characteristic Pergola vines, trained over the poles and trellis-work in front of the houses, one of which faithfully represents an old-fashioned farm in Lombardy.

Last year, when Earl's Court dedicated itself to the God of Fire, the elements refused to be propitious and the clouds poured down nearly enough rain to realise the proud boast of the American tourist who was taken to see Vesuvius, and when his Italian friend, in an outburst of patriotic pride, asked whether America could show such a spectacle, replied, "Well, no, I must confess we ain't got a volcano like that; but we've a Niagara Falls which could put the blamed thing out in half a minute."

This year, Earl's Court may be said to dedicate itself to the Goddess of Water, for the realisation of the Grand Canal and its branches involves the use of more than half-a-million gallons. Arguing by analogy, therefore, we ought to have a beautiful summer, and, with blue sky and shining sun, Earl's Court, holding "Rome, to which all roads lead," is certain to be the resort of all who care for picturesque surroundings for a pleasant afternoon or evening's enjoyment.



AN OLD LOMBARDY FARM.

"THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION" AT EARL'S COURT.



THE NEW RENAISSANCE BRIDGE, IN THE QUEEN'S COURT, OVER THE WATERWAY FROM THE CHUTES.



ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

OUR CHANGING COUNTRY-SIDE.

A REVIEW OF GERTRUDE JEKYLL'S "OLD WEST SURREY."

WE all know something about the change that has come to the land since the days when the old men and women who tell us of the vanished times were boys and girls. The picturesque aspect has disappeared from many villages, the quaint farmhouses and cottages that seemed to fit their surroundings have yielded to hideous useful houses of red brick that disfigure the landscape. Trains run shrieking from village to village; the motor-car flies through the peaceful high street, agricultural engines steam slowly in its wake; cheap, bad food replaces the plainer fare that made the countrymen such fine specimens of humanity, and the lad whose forbears have worked on the land from time remote complains of the dulness of the village, and turns, in thought, to a "Lunnon" whose streets are filled with gin-palaces and music-halls. Labour is scarce and labouring-men are discontented; the peace of life that is one of the greatest gifts of the country is passing. Pan has forsaken his pipes and plays the concertina. With the departure of the grandparents, the old men and women who sit patiently by the side of a small fire waiting for Father Time to bring them the longer well-earned rest, the face of rural England will change, and generations yet unborn will sing its vanished beauties to Britons who find ugliness installed from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

Perhaps it is necessary to be modern, but ugliness and modernity are not twins. Mrs. Jekyll emphasises this fact in her delightful book, "Old West Surrey," as she lingers lovingly amid the surroundings once typical of rural England, and points out that the houses built to replace time-worn farms and cottages might well add to modern convenience some suggestion of past-time beauty. She deals in turn with all the surroundings that helped to sweeten the life of farmer and labourer—the cottages half-timbered or weather-tiled, with good brick oven outside; the useful yard that held the well, with its bucket and chain; the garden ablaze throughout the summer with wallflowers, hydrangeas, geraniums, and fuchsias, the Banksia roses or clematis that sprawled over porch and southern house-wall. She dwells with pleasure on the old furniture—the solid oak tables with three legs or four, the linen-hutch, often quaintly carved, the sturdy oak dresser with its willow ware and shining pewter, the fine Windsor chairs, the eight-day clock. Now, alas, the peripatetic dealer has bought most of these things for the houses of wealthy people, who regard them as curios, and in their place comes modern furniture, cheap, shoddy, and purchased on the hire system. Very often the cottager lives in his kitchen, leaving the sitting-room, vulgar and overcrowded, for use when there is a great event in the family history—a marriage or a death, for example.

Gone for all time the fine old chimney-corners with their cosy seats, the chimney-cranes, the hangers and the fire-dogs, the roasting-spit and bellows. They have yielded to the stuff that is turned out in bulk by the works in the Black Country—cheap, ugly, and quick to wear. Low-flash oil and lamps made in Austria replace the rushlights and early candles; in place of the old-fashioned chimney-piece ornaments, the Toby-jug, the china shepherd and shepherdess, the sampler whose worker's loving patience atoned for her lack of artistic feeling, there are almanacks and chromo-lithographs, orgies of primary colouring, with, perchance, some wax flowers or fruit under a glass case. Gone are the pewter mugs and table-ware, the harvest-bottles,

the horn mugs, the simple implements that belonged to the time when men reaped with sickles and thrashed the grain with flails, working as the harvesters of Boaz in far-off days when Ruth "stood in tears amid the alien corn." The carter's horses are no longer decked with bells, the red-capped drayman is as rare as the Bustard, the wearer of a Sunday smock would be hunted home, and the cottage-cap is well-nigh forgotten. Truly West Surrey has suffered a grievous change, but Mrs. Jekyll is wrong in thinking that the rest of the country-side in the Home Counties has suffered with it, though, of course, change is impending everywhere.

But there are villages not farther from London than Brighton where one may find old farmhouses with oak beams and hooks in the kitchen rafters to hold the bacon that is killed and cured at home—

places where agricultural machinery is eyed askance, and women, wearing old-fashioned sun-bonnets, work in the fields by the side of the men. Children start rook-scaring work at an early age, in defiance of the school inspector—perhaps because he does not exist; there is no public holiday save the annual fair-day, the post is dealt with by rural service, railhead is miles away, and newspapers are few and far between. The old-fashioned furniture is still to be found, and agricultural implements that have no further use are esteemed like horses that have served their time and been sent to grass. Husbandmen call their lunch-time "beever," and ask for "largesse" at the beginning of the shooting season because they have been careful not to disturb "they patridges." I spend a few months of every year in these surroundings, and they help me to realise the full extent of West Surrey's loss as recorded by Mrs. Jekyll.

I would not suggest that these simple villagers are superior in morals or intellect to their fellows of districts less remote, but I find they are a finer and more sturdy set of people than dwellers in the shadow of "the big house," victims to the altruism of some amateur Lady Bountiful who does no end of harm to them with the very best intentions in the world. Here I touch upon a cause of deterioration that Mrs. Jekyll does not bring within the compass of her book. In fact, she looks only at the æsthetic side of the change, but it must be granted

that the causes accountable for the descent from beauty to ugliness in the home life must influence the village folk too.

Change of ownership in land, the creation of "model villages," the laying down of arable land to grass, the use of labour-saving machinery, the wide dissemination of printed trash, the facilities for getting up to town, the wild stories of the pleasure of city life, the failing grip of the Church upon the life of the younger generation—all these things are helping to alter the character of our country folk, and with changing character comes a contempt for all their parents held dear.

Quite deliberately, though in ignorance, the countryman has given up his birthright, and scorns the beauties that lie within his reach and should suffice to make him contented with his lot.

The one ray of hope for rural England lies in the fact that there is little or nothing in the way of territory left on the planet for division among the Powers, and it may be that in a few years some statesman will arise who will not be ashamed to consider the pressing problems of his own country-side. Mrs. Jekyll's book is a weighty reminder that such problems exist.

S. L. BENSUSAN.



OLD WEST SURREY.

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A MAY-DAY SONG

by
Nora Chesson



Kiss & come again,
Hive-bees thrum again;
Every girl has got a posy,
all of hawthorn, white & rosy.
Who'd be so daring
As be declaring
That the world is old & Time is gray,
When girls & boys bring home
The May?

Kiss & come again;
Tongues are dumb again
That were all snarling when
jackdaw & starling
Sweethearts were questing,
Mating & nesting.
Who has a word of ill-humour to say
When men & maids bring home the May?

Kiss & come again,
Pear & plum again
Their blossoms are shedding; but who at May's wedding
With April would borrow
A minute of sorrow
For blossoms dropped in the bridal way?
Winter is dead & Time makes delay,
And all over England we bring home the May.

W.D. ALMOND

THE LONDON SEASON.

A FORECAST BY "THE CHAPERON."

IN spite of the dreary prophets who declare that never again will there be, in the old sense of the words, a London Season, everything seems to promise that the next ten weeks will be, on the contrary, particularly brilliant and well filled. It is true that the old formula, "The Season begins immediately after Easter," no longer holds good, but with the opening of the Opera last Monday began the long list of functions, balls, fêtes, garden-parties, and it might even be said weddings, which makes the Season to those "in Society" one long round of business and pleasure.

An interesting point about the Season of 1904 will be the number of brides, many of whom will naturally take their place among the great hostesses. This is especially true of the Duchess of Norfolk, who is now mistress of one of the stateliest of London's minor palaces; and the Duchess of Roxburghe, who will probably be in town for a short time; as well as of Lady Ingestre, Lady Herbert, Lady Kerry, and Lady Bagot. It will be noticed that a certain number of the more important brides are American, and undoubtedly the most striking change which has taken place in Society of late years has been the American incursion. Concerning this incursion, which has been long, and which doubtless remains to be chronicled, at the present moment it may be pointed out that the one great new London hostess of the Season is our premier American Duchess, Her Grace of Marlborough, whose Vanderbilt millions have enabled her and the Duke to build themselves a splendid mansion in that historic portion of London bounded on the one side by Piccadilly and on the other by Oxford Street.

Even more striking than the American incursion is the present vogue of charitable entertainments, and, though last Season was distinguished by an exceptional number, this year seems likely to

establish a record. For some six weeks scarce a day will go by without some regularly organised enjoyment, whether of a musical, artistic, theatrical, or purely frivolous kind, being provided in the name of the sacred cause of charity. The great Bazaar, which has now become a recognised June institution, is this Season to be held at the Albert Hall on June 21, 22, and 23. The excellent charity to be benefited is the Victoria Hospital for Children. The Queen is to open the Bazaar, and it is said that Madame Melba will greet Her Majesty by singing the National Anthem. Several of the Princesses have promised to undertake stalls, including the Duchess of Argyll, who will sell Venetian glass. Each of the thirty stalls will represent a famous nursery-rhyme; that of Lady Chelsea, for example, is to be built in the form of a huge shoe, filled with dolls of every kind. Another original feature will be a Noah's Ark full of live animals: the sellers there will include the young Duchess of Roxburghe, Princess Henry of Pless, Lady Castlereagh, and Lady Sarah Wilson. All sorts of noted people who have hitherto resisted the wiles of the Charity Fête charmer will lend their help.

Another wonderful Charity Fête has been organised under the patronage of Princess Christian, and is to be a game of Living Bridge, stage-managed by some noted actor. Then there are rumours of a composite entertainment to be held in the evening at Stafford House, where supper will be included in the price of the ticket. Another evening Charity Fête is to be a "Head-dress" ball, also in June and also at the Albert Hall. The Princess of Wales is interested in this novel entertainment, which is being more or less managed by Lady Pembroke, owing to the fact that the first originator of the ball, Georgina Lady Dudley, is now in such deep family-mourning. The

ladies present are to be in ordinary evening-dress, but with fancy heads. Various well-known Society women are organising quadrilles and other dances, showing typical heads and head-dresses of various periods and countries.

The Opera Season promises to be extremely good, both from the music-lover's and from the fashionable lounge's point of view. All the great hostesses are to be in their usual boxes, headed, of course, by the Duchess of Fife, who shares her parents' enthusiastic love of music. Their Majesties are often at the Opera three times a-week, and they are certain to make a point of patronising the special performances of "Tannhäuser," "Tristan," and "Die Meistersinger," but it is significant that on the occasion of these special performances the curtain will rise at seven o'clock. There will be at least two State Performances in honour of Royal and Imperial visitors, and it may be safely prophesied that music is to be more the fashion than ever, very long being the list of private concert-givers, headed by Mr. Astor, the millionaire owner of Cliveden.

As regards outdoor amusements and entertainments, much depends on the goodwill of the clerk of the weather. A fine, hot May and June means garden-parties, al-fresco fêtes, delightful days at Hurlingham and Ranelagh, and long evening motor-car drives into the country. Polo-players look forward to an exceptionally good season, for grounds have multiplied even during the opening of the new century, and from to-day (May 4), when the Handicap Tournament opens, till the end of July, polo events succeed one another thick and fast. Ranelagh and Hurlingham also offer their fair patrons various ladies' sports, as does Roehampton.

The visit of the Emperor of Austria to London, should it really take place, will, of course, mean a great burst of entertainment, and the giving of a number of stately functions in such historic London mansions as Devonshire House, Lansdowne House, Montagu House, and Holland House. On the other hand, a Dissolution would probably have a fatal effect on the Season, unless it took place quite at the end of the Session. The great political hostesses seem to be more or less in abeyance, the fact that the Prime Minister is a bachelor making a certain difference, as, of course, also does the delicate health of Lady Campbell-Bannerman, and the widowed state of Lord Spencer and Lord Rosebery.

As regards Royal entertainments, there will now, for the first time within the memory of the man-about-town, be two great Royal social centres; for, in addition to the usual Court balls, Royal garden-party, and children's fête which their Majesties have arranged to give, there will almost certainly be a series of dinner-parties, a splendid ball, and perhaps an outdoor fête, at Marlborough House. The Duchess of Connaught will also probably take her place among the Royal hostesses.



MRS. HARRY McCALMONT.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

THE LONDON SEASON: SOME INTERESTING SOCIETY PORTRAITS.



MISS IDA MARTIN,
DAUGHTER OF SIR T. ACQUIN MARTIN.
Photograph by Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.



LADY GREY-EGERTON,
DAUGHTER OF MAJOR J. WAYNE CUYLER, U.S.A.
Photograph by Bassano, Bond Street, W.



LORD AND LADY DUNCANNON.
Photograph by Poole, Waterford.



LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON AND HER CHILDREN.
Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. CROCKETT'S next novel is to be called "The Loves of Miss Anne." Miss Anne is the spoiled daughter of a Highland laird, and grows up mischievous and headstrong, but fascinating, brave, and true. A number of men fall in love with her. The character seems not unfamiliar to those who have followed Mr. Crockett's books.

I hear that there is to be a new edition of N. P. Willis's "People Whom I Have Met," which will contain the suppressed passages. The book, as originally published, gave graphic glimpses of literary society in England when such men as Moore and J. G. Lockhart were among the leaders. These personal touches gave great offence at the time; but in the New York paper to which they were contributed Willis wrote much more direct, vivid, and offensive passages, which are to be restored. They can hardly give offence now, and will doubtless be thought entertaining.

The notices of the late Dr. Samuel Smiles, though kindly, contribute very little to what was previously known about him. One writer opportunely recalls the immense effect of "Self-Help" on the

for American authors the placing of all kinds of manuscripts as books and serials, and also arranges for the protection of copyright in England, the right of translation into foreign languages, and the disposal of dramatic and other rights at home and abroad. Literary agents are already at work in America, and they have undoubtedly raised the price of the more popular authors, though they have not yet been able to do much for the rank-and-file. In this country literary agents are becoming comparatively numerous, and two or three not long started have already acquired good connections. So far as I am aware, they all take from the author a royalty of about 10 per cent. on the price of his work. This seems an unfair arrangement, for it is obvious that it is much easier to place a famous author than an obscure one, and yet the charge to the famous author is comparatively much higher. Perhaps some day a literary agent will start and consent to work on the same principles as a solicitor works. So long, however, as authors are content to pay the fee, no one has a right to complain.

The late Miss Frances Power Cobbe had many readers and admirers in America. They seem to take the view that her book on "Intuitive Morals" was her best—a very able, noble, and heart-stirring treatise.



THE WRESTLING CRAZE.

[DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.]

JONES (with great presence of mind): *It's all right, Mrs. Booth; I was just explaining to your daughter what is meant by the "Half-Nelson."*

Continent. The Dutch pounced upon it first, and were followed, in due course, by every nation in Europe except Turkey. It was, however, in Italy that the book and its sequel, "Character," produced the greatest effect. "You have done more to make Italy than Cavour and Garibaldi ever did," enthusiastic Italians wrote to the author. The book came as a tonic, and the gospel of human usefulness was the only gospel with which Young Italy had not then been bored. When Dr. Smiles went to Italy, the Queen sent for him; Garibaldi on a sick-bed rehearsed to him the story of his life; the ladies of Florence gave him an album, and he was lionised generally, to his own delight. The gospel of "Self-Help" has been undermined in various ways, perhaps not least by Socialism, but there may be elements in Dr. Smiles' philosophy which still deserve to be retained. In the Reminiscences which he is understood to have left, there will no doubt be much good reading. Curiously enough, though Smiles was popular in America, he was never the rage as he was in some other parts of the world.

Mr. Joseph B. Gilder has commenced the business of Literary Agent at 1430, Broadway, New York. He is one of a famous American family, the other members of which are Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century*, and Miss Jeanette Gilder, editor of the *New York Critic*. When the *New York Critic* was a fortnightly, and later a weekly, publication, Mr. Gilder helped his sister in the editorial work. He was literary adviser to the Century Company for seven years, and for two years he has been well known in London as the representative of Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co. Mr. Gilder undertakes

Her most popular book, however, was, perhaps, "Broken Lights." Miss Cobbe's gradual absorption in the cause of Anti-vivisection practically terminated her literary career. She gave herself with such tireless energy to the cause of absolute prohibition that she could do little besides. Heart and soul and purse were devoted to the propagation of her humane ideas. While she was working as a journalist she showed herself capable of doing effective work on short notice. She had the power of clear and telling exposition, and she could support her statements by illustrations. We have not had many good leader-writers among lady journalists, but certainly in any classification Frances Power Cobbe, Harriet Martineau, and Mrs. Lynn Linton would rank very high.

I understand that Messrs. Methuen's new series of English Classics, edited by Mr. Sidney Lee, is to appear in sixpenny volumes. It is a daring experiment, and ought to be crowned with success. Hitherto, the sixpenny reprints have been confined to novels. These have been read mostly in railway-trains, and have been discarded after perusal. As a matter of fact, publishers do not find that the issue of a sixpenny edition injures the sale of the regular edition at six shillings or three-and-sixpence. In fact, it sometimes promotes it. But to issue the plays of Massinger and Ben Jonson and other classics of English literature in sixpenny books is a feat creditable to the enterprise and originality of those responsible for it. At the present rate of progress, Messrs. Methuen will by-and-by hold the record as reprinters in England.

O. O.

FOUR NEW BOOKS.

"THE ADMIRABLE TINKER."

BY EDGAR JEPSON.

(Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

Mr. Edgar Jepson, already known to lovers of fiction by such fantastic stories as "A Passion for Romance" and "The Sentimental Warrior," in this new book breaks new ground, while yet retaining his power of making real the purely fantastic. This quality, wedded to joyous, high-spirited comedy, produces an irresistible combination, and the boy Tinker should make



MR. EDGAR JEPSON,
AUTHOR OF "THE ADMIRABLE TINKER."

Photograph by Reresford.

as many friends among readers of his own age as among grown-up people. Hildebrand Anne Beauleigh, *dit* Tinker, is a real creation. Original in the very circumstances of his birth, he is two and a-half before he sees his father for the first time, when Sir Tancred Beauleigh rescues his starved and beaten offspring from a horrible den at Catford. Almost at once begins an extraordinary system of education. Sir Tancred lives the strenuous life of the "Smart Set," partly to drown his sorrow for the death of Tinker's mother, but he always has the boy with him. Behold, therefore, Tinker, ignorant of commonplace scholastic subjects, but a good linguist, expert at riding, fencing, and

boxing, and, above all, possessing an exquisitely developed faculty of observation, sedulously trained by his father. Altogether, he was "von vunder-child," as Herr Schlugst appropriately called him, with his angelic fair face and his perfect manners, which made all women want to kiss him, to his extreme discomfort. Mr. Jepson soon shows us Tinker's powers of observation in active exercise. He rescues a kidnapped child (at an incidental profit of four thousand pounds), adopts a little sister, saves a nice girl from marrying an adventurer, engages a particularly delightful young lady as governess for his adopted sister, teaches an American millionaire a thing or two, and winds up by calmly arranging a most suitable marriage for his father, and all this in the most natural, modest, yet masterly way conceivable.

"MISS ARNOTT'S MARRIAGE."

BY RICHARD MARSH.

(John Long, 6s.)

"I once heard a specialist compared to a dog which is kept chained to its kennel; within the limits of its chain that dog has an amazing knowledge of the world"—thus the heroine of "Miss Arnott's Marriage." Judged entirely by this, his latest, book, Mr. Richard Marsh is in much the same position as the specialist—and the dog: he has chained himself to the kennel of convention, and has thus confined himself within the narrow circle of the commonplace to which he is unused and unfitted. Mr. Marsh is at his best when he is dealing with the grotesquely or the tragically weird, and in denying himself freedom, in specialising in the production of railway-reading, he has failed, however amazing his knowledge of the class of novel in question, to hold the interest. All the well-worn tricks of the detective story are evident in his pages—the heroine who marries a scamp and, on his conviction for petty fraud, discards her husband's name for that of her maidenhood; the inconvenient love-affairs consequent upon that heroine's accession to wealth and upon her apparent spinsterhood; the mysterious murder in the wood; the tangle of supposedly damning evidence, mistaken, or wholly, or in part, imaginary; the white-robed somnambulist visiting the scene of her crime at night; woman shielding man, man shielding woman; the accused innocent with a past; blackmailing, bigamy, self-murder, and the rest are surely now worthy to rank with the tags so abhorrent to the *Saturday Review* and its correspondents. At any rate, it is certain that they are not fit material for Mr. Marsh to exercise his frequently

proved talent upon, and at least equally certain that they are not strengthened by being permitted to lead—in the manner exploited, with much success, by Mr. Fergus Hume—to the fastening of guilt upon the least-suspected person. Mr. Marsh will do well to abandon specialising for the greater scope of general practice in his next volume.

"RULERS OF KINGS."

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

(Macmillan, 6s.)

What a fortunate thing that Miss Gertrude Atherton is probably this moment residing either in England or America, as, no doubt, two irritated monarchs will shortly be yearning to place her within prison walls for *lèse-majesté*. Still, no pains and penalties can rob her of the enjoyment she must have had in putting the words she most fancied into the mouths of William II. and Francis Joseph, and in saddling the last-named with a wholly fictitious daughter in the person of the Archduchess Ranata Theresia, whom she portrays as having inherited, with the Hapsburg red hair, most of the inconvenient characteristics of that house. Miss Atherton shares, of course, with most other good Americans the genuine Republican liking for Royalty and titles (one realises that she lingers with pleasure over her somewhat exuberant descriptions of the Archduchess and her environment), but she naturally arranges that the two great personages shall tremble before her. billionaire hero, Fessenden Abbott. It is not merely his untold gold that produces this effect, it is the fact (and here we get a dash of H. G. Wells) that he has invented, among other fearful weapons of war, "kites which can be sent by electricity to an incalculable distance, and each one will rain down dynamite enough to kill a thousand men at a time if they are close enough together." "If I had never met Ranata," he says, in the course of one of his little intimate conversations with the Kaiser—known more familiarly in these pages as "Cousin Willy"—"I should have presented them to you and told you to go ahead, and, in the name of humanity, wipe Russia and Turkey in the form they now exist off the map . . . now, I ask you to use it as a bait for the Emperor of Austria." Where is Fessenden Abbott's "cuteness"? Why barter away his wonderful destroying machines for a mere permission to become the Emperor of Austria's son-in-law? Surely this was the occasion to make himself ruler of the universe, with "Cousin Willy" as his Aide-de-Camp, merely gagging the Emperor of Austria till he had safely married Ranata! Still, Miss Atherton has chosen to have it the more peaceful way—at least, we don't, of course, know the Emperor of Austria's intentions in the near future. "Ach, was!" as our Athertonian Kaiser would say.

"MEN AND MANNERS OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC."

BY A. D. VANDAM.

(Chapman and Hall, 12s.)

This posthumous work of Mr. A. D. Vandam is as characteristic of the writer as his earlier books, and that although a great part of it must have been composed during the long struggle with illness which clouded his latter years. He is still the gay raconteur who had an intimate knowledge of many things in European politics, and the gift of making them entertaining. He had the further gift of giving his readers the impression that he was "in it" in cases when, by his own very honest confession, he had actually stood somewhat aloof from the affairs of which he writes so intimately. To this talent much of his success was due. Thus, in his opening chapter describing the manœuvres of Favre on Sept. 4, 1870, manœuvres that overthrew the Empire and created the Third Republic, Mr. Vandam writes with the pen of an eye-witness, almost of a participator, while at the same time he confesses that, during the crisis, he never once went near the Palais Bourbon, but remained throughout at the Café de la Paix. Well, "the outsider sees most of the game," says the proverb, and Mr. Vandam understood the maxim better than any man. He describes the struggle between Thiers and Gambetta with delicate irony, and analyses their characters with just that touch of scandalous embroidery which is the making of such memoirs. He disclaims, justly enough, the title of historian, and would be considered merely a *causeur*. He has no hesitation in accusing Favre and Gambetta of sinister motives in proposing that Thiers should make his tour of the Great Powers to plead the cause of the new Republic. Thiers was in the way, and a wintry journey through Europe might easily prove too much for an old man. Such a stratagem, he hints, is the modern equivalent for the dagger or the bowl, which, in the Middle Ages, or even later, Thiers could not long have escaped. French Republicanism Mr. Vandam regarded as always farcical, and this belief is the making of his chapter on "The Comedy of Tours," where he discovers all the comical accessories of the Provisional Government which sat in the old capital of Touraine, pending the elections that were to sanction the Republic. Other papers are "Gambetta and the Tours Régime," "The Resistance to Prussia," "Jules Simon," "The Spy Mania," and kindred themes. It is regrettable that the author had not the opportunity of finally revising his proofs.

THE HUMOURIST ON THE HIGH ROAD.



THE DISESTABLISHMENT OF THE CHURCH.

DRAWN BY G. D. ARMOUR.

THE HUMOURIST IN THE STUDIO.



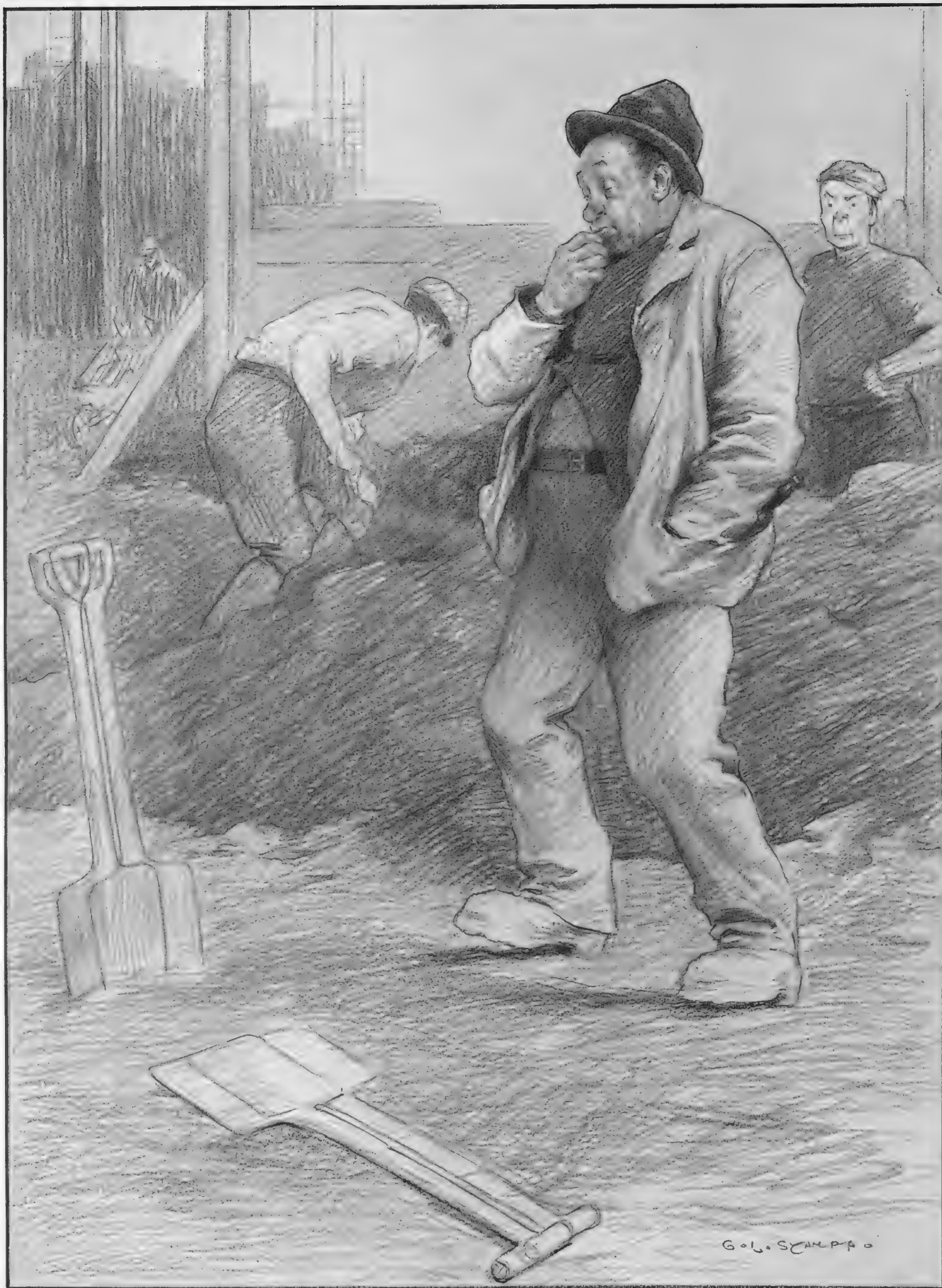
AN ART PATRON

"Yes, I think I'll 'ave it, but you must give the Johnnie a dawg, and cock 'is 'at over to one side a bit."

DRAWN BY R. C. CARTER.

"A HAND AT BRIDGE."

HELD BY G. L. STAMPA



A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

KEEPING DARK.

BY

THOMAS COBB.



"I WANT you to tell me what has become of Colonel Durand," said Lady Waters, about a fortnight before Christmas, and her disappointment was perfectly unmistakable when I expressed my inability to enlighten her.

"Every other person I meet is asking the same question," I returned.

"I can't understand it in the least," she continued.

"I confess I begin to feel immensely uneasy. I even went as far as to call at his house——"

"Wasn't he at home?"

"At all events, his man admitted he was in London.

I met him three weeks ago at dinner at Mrs. Norcutt's, and he kept us all amused the whole evening. Mrs. Norcutt was saying afterwards that no one could possibly believe he had a son who must be very nearly thirty."

"By-the-bye," I asked, "isn't Captain Durand expected home from India?"

"In April, I believe," said Lady Waters. "Yes," she added; "Colonel Durand is certainly the youngest-looking man for his age in London—and one of the handsomest and the pleasantest. But I can't understand what has happened to him."

"Oh, well," I suggested, "perhaps he has run down a bit, and prefers to lie low."

"He was engaged to dine with me two days after I met him at Mrs. Norcutt's," she explained, "and his letter of excuse didn't seem even to be written by himself——"

"A woman's hand?"

"Ye—es," she answered, and a short silence followed. "He must be alone with only the servants in his house," Lady Waters continued.

"But are you certain he is there at all?" I suggested.

"I am not certain of anything," she cried. "I feel extremely uncertain. Here is one of the most popular men in Society, who suddenly puts off all his engagements—refuses to see anybody, doesn't even write his letters himself. There's mystery in the faces of his servants; they have evidently received especial instructions. Now," Lady Waters added, "I want you to clear the matter up."

"But how——?"

"If I could tell you how, I could probably act for myself," she answered. "But I have known Colonel Durand a good many years, and I can't help feeling anxious. Something," she insisted, "must be done."

I admit a desire to stand well with Lady Waters, although in the present case it seemed difficult to see how it was possible to gratify her. As I had explained, she was by no means the only person to wonder what had occurred in connection with Durand, who had in effect suddenly disappeared from his friends.

After considerable reflection, the only feasible plan appeared to be a journey to his house in Manchester Street, where he had lived alone since his wife's death, over four years ago. There more than once I had been entertained at his small and very select parties, than which none in London were more enjoyable.

"Colonel Durand is not at home, sir," said the butler, and I placed one foot over the threshold.

"Not out of London?" I suggested.

"No, sir."

"Is the Colonel quite well?"

"Quite well, sir."

"He doesn't appear to have received any of his friends very recently?"

"Not very recently, sir."

"I presume," I persisted, "that, although he is 'not at home' to visitors, Colonel Durand is actually in the house."

"He is not at home to visitors, sir," was the discreet answer, so that I returned to Lady Waters no whit wiser than I left her.

"You didn't attempt to bribe the butler?" she suggested, whereupon I explained that I did not care to bribe any member of a friend's household.

"Besides," I added, "the butler used to be one of the Colonel's regimental servants; the two left the Army together, and he is absolutely incorruptible."

"Well," said Lady Waters, "I can't pretend to be satisfied. One hears of the strangest things. Why should Colonel Durand refuse to receive everybody? Why doesn't he write his own letters? No one outside his own house has seen him for three weeks, and you must admit the affair has a mysterious appearance."

I did not dispute the statement for an instant, although I had no doubt that the Colonel had some excellent reason for his retirement. In any case, I did not see my way to take any further steps in the matter, and, indeed, both Lady Waters and myself were on the point of leaving London for Christmas. It was the second week in February before we met again, and then she sent me an urgent summons to her house.

"Now," she exclaimed, before I had been a minute in her drawing-room, "I am determined that something must be done!"

"What about?" I asked, not thinking of Durand at the time.

"About the Colonel."

"Good gracious!" I cried, "you don't mean to say that he is still keeping dark?"

"As far as I can gather," she returned, "no one has seen him. He has not been to his Club . . . I can't meet a man who has entered his house."

"Are you certain he is there?"

"Absolutely. I have been two or three times this week. The butler admits he is in London, but when I asked to see him I was simply told 'not at home.'"

"Then," I said, "there has been no news of Durand for longer than two months."

"If I don't arrive at some explanation before this day week," cried Lady Waters, in her most determined manner, "I shall inform the police."

"But of what?" I demanded.

"I am tormented by all kinds of suspicions," she answered. "He may have been murdered——"

"Oh, but——"

"It is quite possible," she insisted, "and his servants may be in a conspiracy to act in this way to throw persons off the scent."

"Durand might never forgive you if you called public attention to his affairs," I urged. "By-the-bye, have you thought of writing to him?"

"Of course I have written," she retorted. "I have begged him to see me, hinted that his friends are anxious."

"Well?"

"I received an answer in the same woman's hand," Lady Waters continued, "assuring me there was not the slightest cause for anxiety, and that he would ask his son to come to see me soon after his arrival next month."

"Earlier than you anticipated?"

"Of course," said Lady Waters, "that may be a slip, and Colonel Durand may not have received my letter."

Eager for Lady Waters' sake as well as for Durand's to prevent the mistake of informing the police of her suspicions, I thought the matter over the same night, with the result that I determined myself to write to the Colonel. Sitting down at once, I made a clean breast of things, explaining that his old friend, tormented by anxiety, had made up her mind to communicate with the authorities unless her alarm should be allayed by the following Monday. He must have received my letter in due course the next morning, for at eleven o'clock an answer was delivered at my door by hand.

Breaking the seal, with not a little excitement, I saw that the short note was written by a woman—not very well written—to the effect that Colonel Durand would be happy to see me at three o'clock the same afternoon. I confess that I had seldom felt more curious or more

impatient for a few hours to pass, for, tax my ingenuity as I might, it seemed difficult to hit upon a probable explanation of Durand's retirement.

"Will you walk this way, sir," said the butler, and, somewhat to my surprise, he led me past the drawing-room door, up a second flight of stairs to a room at the back of the house.

"If you will wait one moment, sir," said the butler, as he cautiously opened the door, and about eighteen inches farther in the room I saw a second door (obviously a recent addition) covered with black baize. When the servant invited me to enter the narrow space between the two, I confess to uncanny apprehensions, the more when the outer door was closed and we stood in the most total darkness. A moment later, I was able to advance within the room, but this also was in such darkness that it was impossible to distinguish the position of the window. Though the day was cold, no fire burned in the grate. I heard the door shut and assumed that the butler had retired, but I felt afraid to go farther into the black room lest I overturned some article of furniture.

A second later, however, I recognised Durand's voice—

"That you, Marchant?"

"Are you there, Durand?" I cried, and then I felt a hand on my arm.

"Let me lead you to a chair," he said quietly, and presently his hands were on my shoulders as he pressed me down.

"But what on earth makes you sit in the dark?" I demanded.

"I'm going to tell you—though I should have preferred to tell nobody. It's a case, however, of saving one's self from one's friends. You're the first man I have seen—no, I can't see you—since I dined at Mrs. Norcutt's early in December."

"Lady Waters met you there!"

"My eyes had been bothering me," he continued, "and I had an appointment with Ramsay, the ophthalmic surgeon, the following day."

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed. "You have not lost your sight?"

"Not—not yet," he answered, still in the same self-controlled voice. "But I am going to lose it. You understand, there is not the slightest doubt about it. My blindness is absolutely certain—a mere matter of weeks. My—my boy is on his way home. You see, I should like to see the dear chap's face once more. I cross-examined Ramsay. He said that, if I lived entirely in the dark, kept quiet, didn't smoke or drink, I might just manage to hold out."

"My dear fellow——!"

"There are only a few weeks more," he continued. "I believe I shall do it."

"Do you mean," I said, "to tell me you have been stuck up here in total darkness since February——?"

"A ray of light," he answered, "would absolutely destroy my chance of seeing old Donald. It's five years, you know. We haven't met since his mother died——"

"But haven't you tried to hasten his return?"

"One hates to make a fuss," said Durand. "And, you understand, I don't want to see the chap with a long face. He is on the way, and I believe I am going to hold out. So now you can tell Lady Waters that there's no need to send the police. Perhaps both she and you won't mind keeping it to yourselves. Now," he added, as I heard him rise from his chair, "I am going to ring for Banks to take you away."

I stood by his side, scarcely knowing what to say until, first, the outer door was opened and shut, then the inner.

"Let me guide you," said Durand, and I turned in the darkness a moment later, gripping his hand.

"How on earth do you get through the days?" I exclaimed, almost in spite of myself.

Durand laughed far more cheerfully than I could have done.

"Hoping I shall get a look at old Donald," he answered.



"THE ONLY WAY."

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



IF it cannot be said that the gaiety of the nation has been eclipsed by the death of Miss Nellie Farren, since her premature retirement from the stage occurred so long ago, it is nevertheless a fact that to the great body of the playgoing public the announcement brought an emotion almost of the nature of a personal loss. It is given to few actors to evoke such a feeling, especially after they have ceased strutting and fretting their little hour upon the stage, and the universal sympathy shows the hold which Nellie Farren had to so extraordinary a degree. This was due, in part at least, to her great endowment of that magnetism, the personal equation which counts for so much in all art, but in none so much as the art of the stage. Another fact was undoubtedly the whole-hearted way in which she threw herself into the emotion of the scene and concentrated every effort on the work she had to do, so that the most critical could never detect any sign of flagging interest or of carelessness or indifference while she was on the stage. Nor were her efforts directed only to the

the latter event, the plays will be "Hamlet" and "Othello," and possibly "For the Crown." So extraordinary has been Mr. Robertson's success as Hamlet that it alone would be sufficient for his needs, but the strain of it for seven performances a-week for several months on end would be too great.

There is likely to be much wailing, even gnashing of teeth, among the ardent collectors of theatrical souvenirs, for Mr. George Edwardes has come to the conclusion that souvenirs have been overdone, and has resolved that henceforth in the theatres he controls they shall be conspicuous by their absence. As it was the usual theatrical custom of following in the footsteps of one manager which started the habit, so it is by no means improbable the swing of the pendulum in the opposite direction will also have its followers, and it is the swing of the pendulum which practically controls most things which are "heard in the Green-room."

Many animals have been ridden around the ring at the Hippodrome,



MISS HILDA TREVELYAN AND MR. H. NYE CHART IN
"OP O' ME THUMB," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.



MISS GRACIE LEIGH AS PEGGY SABINE AND MR. RUTLAND
BARRINGTON AS BOOBHAMBA IN "THE CINGALEE," AT DALY'S.

Photographs by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

production of laughter, for in such parts as Nan in "A Good-for-Nothing" she exhibited that underlying tendency towards pathos which may be said to be the endowment of the highest comic genius. Of few stage-players will the great theatre-going public so tenderly, reverently, and pathetically utter those tear-stained words, "Requiescat in pace."

With all the West-End theatres open, opening, or arranged for, the season may be said to be in full swing. The result is that, in spite of his great popularity, Mr. Forbes-Robertson has been having some little difficulty in finding a house in which to produce Miss Margaret Young's play, "The Edge of the Storm." It is now about two years since he acquired the work, which deals with the Indian Mutiny, although it includes no historic event or historic people in its scope. At the best, however, it could not be played for any length of time, for in September Mr. Forbes-Robertson, accompanied, of course, by Miss Gertrude Elliott (Mrs. Forbes-Robertson), starts on a provincial tour until the end of November, when he takes ship for the United States, where another tour is booked for him, starting in January. On this, if he does not do the new play, he will probably act in a repertoire. In

and horses and elephants, to say nothing of mere men, have plunged from varying heights into the great tank into which the ring is converted. It has been reserved for M. Louis de Rougemont, the man whose imagination once gave enough artistic verisimilitude to what might otherwise have been a bald and uninteresting narrative, to satisfy the most exigent embroiderer of fiction on the hem of the garment of truth. Everyone will remember in those exploits of the modern Robinson Crusoe his famous ride in the sea on the back of a turtle. M. de Rougemont has now determined to dramatise the incident, so to speak, and, mounted on the back of a turtle, he intends to show an incredulous world how he really did it. For ten minutes, at all events, the Hippodrome's audience will be treated to a decidedly novel, if not comic, sensation. If the turtle turns turtle, the fun will be more furious still. And, if M. de Rougemont is as agile physically as he is mentally, he might treat us to the spectacle of leaping through hoops and over banners as he urges what, however untamed it may be, cannot be called his fiery steed around the water-way. Meantime, a sufficiently large turtle has to be found to bear M. de Rougemont on its back.

KEY-NOTES

AT their recent Concert at the Albert Hall, the Royal Choral Society gave a very fair performance of Elgar's "The Apostles," under the conductorship of the composer. This work, of which we wrote only a few weeks ago, when it was given at Covent Garden during the progress of the Elgar Festival, may be described as a more ascetic and intellectual composition than "The Dream of Gerontius." "The Apostles" is, indeed, built up upon a very magnificent scale. In "Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God," Elgar seems to have reached the very height of his endeavour. On two distinct occasions, the Chorus during this performance showed signs of a certain divergence from the key; but, on the whole, this huge body of singers sang remarkably well. Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies again sang the part of Christ with all his well-known seriousness; it seems almost a pity that this singer does not let himself go a little more, and thereby make his singing more human. Mr. Andrew Black, as Judas, sang superbly; he made one feel how intensely tragic is this part. Mr. Kennerley Rumford, as St. Peter, sang with much dramatic feeling, and Mr. John Coates was quite good in the part of St. John. Miss Agnes Nicholls, as the Blessed Virgin, and Madame Kirkby Lunn, as the Angel and Mary Magdalene, sang both artistically and with great emotion.

In strong contrast to "The Apostles" is the same composer's composition, "King Olaf," which was given by the London Choral Society on Monday evening at the Queen's Hall, for it demonstrated what enormous strides Dr. Elgar has made in his art in a very few years. "King Olaf" is both romantic and beautiful, but it by no means touches the heights and depths reached by either "The Apostles" or "Gerontius." The work was conducted by Mr. Arthur Fagge, and he extracted a very excellent performance from his forces. On the same occasion the Orchestra played Elgar's beautiful "Meditation" from "Lux Christi," and five four-part songs for male voices were also given. The soloists of the evening were Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, Mr. Joseph O'Mara, and Madame de Vere, all of whom sang remarkably well, Mr. O'Mara especially distinguishing himself by his enthusiasm and fine vocal sentiment.

The first Concert of the present series given by the Joachim Quartet at the St. James's Hall took place on Saturday, April 23, when Herr Joachim was assisted by Professor Karl Halir, Professor Emmanuel, and Professor Robert Hausmann. The Concert was, indeed, quite a memorable one, ranging as it did, in its programme, over the period between 1732 and 1827. It opened with Haydn's Quartet in D Minor (Op. 76, No. 2), which was played with a most remarkable delicacy, Joachim and his companions bringing out all the exquisite delicacy of the Master's work in a most marked degree. In Mozart's Quartet in D Major, these players proved their perfect appreciation of the difference between the two Masters, playing the Mozart with a beautiful dignity, which served to demonstrate what a great musician, in the higher sense, is this Master. Again, in Beethoven's Quartet in E-flat Major (Op. 130), their playing was a thing apart, the perfectly peaceful manner of Joachim's violin-playing in this case bringing out the full depth of this great composition. This was quite a remarkable Concert, and was fully appreciated by the unusually large audience which had come to listen to these interpreters.

At the St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening last, Miss Margaret Thomas gave a concert, under the patronage of the Princess of Wales, and under the direction of Ashton's Royal Agency. Miss Thomas has a very sweet and sympathetic voice, and sang Giordani's "Caro mio ben" with great feeling. She also sang "The Rosary," by Nevin, and a Welsh Folk Song, of both of which she gave a particularly attractive rendering; indeed, throughout the Concert proving herself to be an artist of no mean order, singing Schubert's "Die Krähe" quite perfectly. She was assisted by Miss Sylvia Rita and Mr. Gregory Hast, both of whom

lent distinction to the evening's entertainment. Mr. Arnold Foldes also played some violoncello solos, with his well-known appreciation of the work he had undertaken to interpret; he is one of the very few men who can make a 'cello solo attractive. Miss Thomas is an admirable artist and should do well in the art which she has chosen for herself.

At the Æolian Hall, a few days ago, Miss Isobel Purdon gave her first Violin Recital, at which she was assisted by Miss Maude Lambert and Mr. Lawrence Robbins. Miss Purdon is an artist with a great sympathy for her instrument, and she made this fact especially noticeable in her playing of Mozart's Sonata for Violin and Pianoforte in E-flat Major. She also played remarkably well in Wieniawski's Concerto in D Minor.

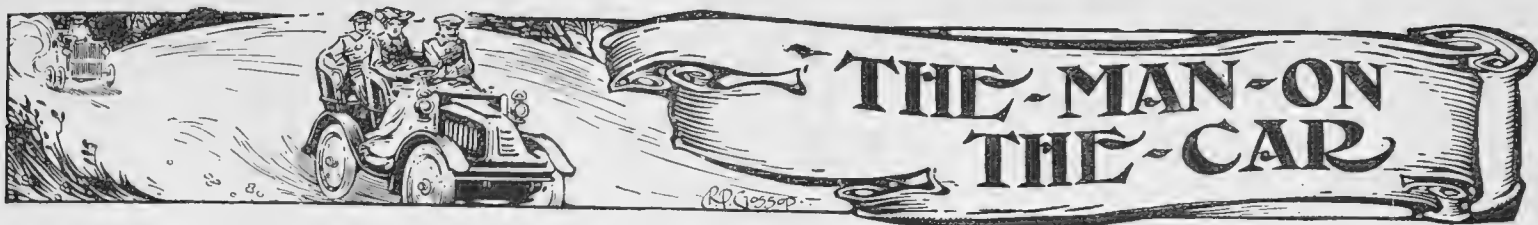
Miss Adela Verne gave the Sixth of her "Historical Recitals" at the Salle Erard this week, and, on this occasion, gave herself over to the works of such modern composers as Tschaiikowsky, Grieg, Cowen, Dvorak, Parry, and Moskowski. The Seventh and last of these "Historical Recitals" will be given on May 11.—COMMON CHORD.

Miss Katherine Duggan is the fortunate possessor of a beautiful and peculiarly sympathetic contralto voice. She is a step-daughter of Mr. Haddon Chambers, and is studying for her profession with Madame Rosa Bird. Miss Duggan was one of the fairies in Mr. Arthur Bouchier's recent production of "The Cricket on the Hearth," at the Garrick.



A PROMISING CONTRALTO: MISS KATHERINE DUGGAN, STEP-DAUGHTER OF MR. HADDON CHAMBERS, THE WELL-KNOWN DRAMATIST.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



Climbs and Sprints—Beautiful Surrey—Laying the Dust—An Enthusiast.

THE Isle of Man folks and their visitors during the Eliminating Trials are to be indulged with a little more automobile sport than that provided by the Trials alone. These, which will take place on the 18th inst., will be succeeded on the following day by a hill-climb by the monsters of speed, and the day thereafter by sprint-races on the sea-front at Douglas. All will be effected against the watch, unless the Parade is found wide enough to race two of the cars abreast in the scurries, when some exciting and interesting running should be seen. The hill-climb will take place just outside Ramsey, up two miles, the steepest two miles of the ascent of Snæfell, and, as the hill is straight and the cars will be seen for some time as they speed up the steep, the sight should be a memorable one. It is to be regretted that a competition fraught with so much interest to the industrial welfare of the country should lack the Royal countenance which is so frequently lent to much less important functions, but our Sovereign Lord casts no eye of favour upon automobile racing, and would, I am informed, have preferred that the House of Keys had not seen fit to pass the permissive Bill.

One of the most delightful twist-break-fast-and-dinner runs out and home from London is the trip via Kingston-on-Thames, Esher, Cobham, Ripley, Guildford, over the Hog's Back to Farnham—where some of the hops come from—and Frensham Great Pond, on an arm of which will be found the Frensham Pond Hotel, a most comfortable hostelry, where to arrive as a motorist is not to be fleeced, but to find one's bill just the same as though you had arrived on "Shanks' mare" or the humble, pedal-pushed bicycle. So far as the quaint and interesting county town of Guildford, the Portsmouth Road, winter and summer alike, is always picturesque, while the Southern counties have nothing finer to offer than the drive over the Hog's Back on a clear day. The views over Surrey and Hants, Berks and Bucks, to the left and right of the Back respectively, are superb, while the surroundings of Frensham Ponds themselves have earned for the locality the title of "The Miniature Switzerland." The return drive to the summit of the Hind Head via Churt, the descent of the Head round the Devil's Punchbowl, and the run over Witley Common to Godalming must be experienced to be realised.

In various parts of the country, particularly in villages within fifty miles or so of the Metropolis, which—shall I say?—suffer from the passage of motor-cars in dusty weather, I note with pleasure that the local authorities, so far from putting their faith in the report of the Club's Dust Committee or the local water-cart, have commenced experiments with such dust-quelling compounds as Westrumite, &c.

In Cobham Street the road has been treated with a preparation termed Pinoline, which certainly prevents dust, but gives off a particularly distinctive odour. On Barnes Common a stretch of road has been treated with Westrumite with excellent results, as has a section of the Fair Mile on the Portsmouth Road. Watching cars travelling over the Mile on a dusty day, it is remarkable to see the attendant dust-cloud suddenly drop as the vehicles run on to the treated patch, and rise again when they clear it. All the same, car-owners have much of the dust-prevention in their hands if they will clear away depending boxes, boots, silencers, &c., and give as clear a run as possible under the car.



MR. J. W. STOCKS ON A NAPIER CAR SPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE GORDON BENNETT RACE.
Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.



THE GORDON BENNETT RACE: THE ELIMINATING TRIALS IN THE ISLE OF MAN
A DIFFICULT PART OF THE COURSE. THE DIRECTION OF THE ROAD IS SHOWN BY THE WHITE ARROWS.
Photograph by George B. Cowen, Ramsey.

part in the Gordon Bennett Eliminating Trials. In days gone by, when the "A. C. G. B. and I." went a-touring, Mr. Hargreaves' evening attack upon his engine was one of the after-dinner features of the outings. Donning blues, and turning his man's attention to the body, Mr. Hargreaves would cleanse, scour, and polish his engine till it looked more like the production of a jeweller's bench than the output of the Daimler works. Yes, the man with a clean engine is the keen motorist.

By his engine ye shall know him. That is to say, by the clean condition or otherwise of his motor and gear, you may discern the really enthusiastic automobilist, the man who takes as much interest in his car as a yacht-owner does in his pleasure-vessel. There are men who have quite a reputation for the loving care they expend upon their engines, &c., so that, lifting the bonnet, one's thoughts turn at once to the engine-room of a crack liner or of a battleship, so spotless and so brilliant is everything within. Such an enthusiast, for instance, is Mr. Hargreaves, one of the founder members of the Automobile Club, and the owner of one of the three higher-powered Napiers that will take

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Chester Cup—The Jubilee—The Derby—Race-cards—Irish Racing.

THE attempt on the part of the Jockey Club to make long-distance races more popular has partially succeeded, at any rate, for we now see representative fields both for the Great Metropolitan and the Chester Cup, but neither, strange to say, comes up to the Cesarewitch average. The truth of the matter is, owners will not risk

Unfortunately, there is just now a cramped market on the Derby, owing, in the main, to the runaway victory of St. Amant in the Guineas. Many good judges backed Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's colt for the Epsom event when he was under a cloud, and they got 100 to 14 about him. The result is that the layers with books on the Blue Ribbon of the Turf find themselves in a tight corner. There is, however, lots of time to get out, as the public are almost certain to fasten on to the better of M. Blanc's pair when that astute French sportsman declares his hand. Further, John o' Gaunt can be made a lot better than he was at Newmarket, and my opinion is that he will shine over the Epsom gradients. I do not fancy Henry the First, neither can I bring myself to believe in Rydal Head, who, however, is a very handsome colt indeed. Santry is not in the Derby, but he may run well for the St. Leger.

Truly the mills of the gods grind slowly. For ten years I have urged on the authorities the necessity for making the race-cards more complete, and, at last, those in authority at Newmarket have begun to take the hint. I say begun, as they have a long way to go before they arrive at the perfection stage. I have shown in these columns over and over again how completely our Colonial cousins are catered for in the matter of information given on race-cards. I dare say the Stewards of the English Jockey Club imagine they have done a big thing in printing the pedigrees of all the horses engaged on their race-cards. Let them get a copy of a Flemington card, with plans of all the courses clearly printed, directions as to telegraphing, railways, cloak-rooms, and so on and so forth. And, in addition, every get-at-able detail is given of the horses competing in each race. However, it is a matter for congratulation to find our insular prejudices beginning to melt somewhat.

The visit of His Majesty the King to the Emerald Isle should give an impetus to racing in Ireland, the more especially as nearly all of the best steeplechasers and many good flat-racers are bred in the "distressful" country. The stakes given at Leopardstown, Phoenix Park, and the Curragh are now worth the winning, and in the near future we may see large owners like Mr. J. Gubbins keeping their horses at home instead of sending them to England to run. At the present time there are some large owners who patronise the Irish meetings. Mr. C. J. Blake, Major Loder, the Earl of Dudley, and the Marquis of Waterford enter their horses freely in Ireland, and a new recruit is Mr. "Boss" Croker, who has a big breeding establishment at the Curragh. I expect, now that big prizes are given at the Irish meetings, most of the English owners will send over some horses to run, and in this direction I am very pleased to note that His Majesty the King entered some of his two-year-olds at the last Phoenix Park Meeting.

CAPTAIN COE.



MR. C. J. BURNUP, EX-CAPTAIN OF THE KENT CRICKET ELEVEN.

their valuable horses over long distances when the ground is hard, while they do not hesitate to run them in the autumn mud. Chester is not an ideal course, yet there should be a good field for the Chester Cup. I am told that Mark Time will win easily. The horse was very unlucky at Epsom, but he is expected to atone for that defeat by gaining a clever victory on the Roodee. If started, Roe O'Neil may create a surprise, as I am told Gilpin has discovered the Royal Hunt Cup disappointment to be a genuine stayer. Lovat is very likely to get a place at Chester.

The most popular handicap of the year with Londoners is the Jubilee Stakes, and I predict a record attendance at Kempton on Saturday to witness the race. The weights have been so evenly adjusted that the winner may take a lot of finding. Darling is oftener than not successful in the big handicaps at Kempton, and his best should be hard to beat. If Caravel is the selected, the horse will not fail to find backers. Littleton has been specially saved for this race, and should run well, while Ypsilanti, if the selected of the Netheravon stable, ought to be followed, but I am told they have a better in Cherry Pip.

If ridden by a strong jockey, Cerisier ought, at least, to get a place, but the horse is seemingly like the hind-wheel of a waggon, ever near and yet so far. I think Dean Swift will run well, but for the actual winner I shall select Kilglass, who is, I am told, the best at the weights of Lord Howard de Walden's lot.



MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD'S ST. AMANT (K. CANNON UP), WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE promise of Spring—that season being the Eternal Feminine of the Poet and Painter—is appropriately of somewhat uncertain fulfilment as a rule. Still, this year *Mdlle. Printemps* has kept her engagements most handsomely, and we have had an April ideal enough to make one even understand Browning's exiled longings for



[Copyright.]

A SEASONABLE VISITING-GOWN

his native land. Accordingly, a fine feminine scramble for new frocks has been going forward. Spring sunshine has a penetrating, merciless quality peculiarly its own, and is as unlike the mellow beam of autumn, which shines so sympathetically on our tired Season gowns, as the searching glance of childhood is unlike the fading eye of age. Undreamed-of shabbinesses discover themselves in the war-worn wardrobe of winter once lengthening days grow strong and "lightsome." Fur hats and stoles and muffs become suddenly incongruous, and the maiden's mind turns to millinery as the Tennysonian youth's to love.

Bringing such meanderings of the mind to a practical issue, I may remark that a new dressmaker has discovered herself in Dover Street, under the style and title of "Lola, Limited," where the most *chic* offshoots of earliest fashions are to be found in combination with prices of a moderation to please the most perforce economical. The smart little shop, located next to Kate Reily of frocks and fame, is daintily arranged after Adam at his best period of medallioned windows and festooned reliefs; the fashions it exploits are all that can be of the most charming; and when one adds that gowns of voile or canvas or other summer material can be turned out, perfect at all points of finish and silken linings, at from eight and a-half guineas, it will be seen that Lola, Limited, begins her or its career under all possible auspices of success. From that newest fountain-head of fashion one learns that feather and marabout, as far as stoles and neck-gear are concerned, are dead as the dodo. Small, gathered fichus of taffetas, with ends falling to the foot, have gracefully displaced

them for spring wear. These are made in any colour for a mere four guineas, and complete a costume inexpressibly well. In hats, Lola is again well in Fashion's van, every new phase of that Princess of weathercocks being immediately presented. One of the hats that enthused me was of black crinoline straw, trimmed with a sash of fine Chantilly, and one large, lovely pink rose just thrown with its foliage against the crown. Another, of port-wine coloured straw, was wreathed with small roses, shading from deep rose to claret. Blouses are here, but only of the superlative order thought out by artists and fashioned by workers of obviously highest skill. Lola is a discovery distinctly, and those who are first in exploring her possibilities will find themselves in much-admired evidence this Season.

One of the practical parts of a woman's equipment, more especially in summer weather, is the protecting dress-shield. An improvement on the ordinary type has been introduced by the Kleinert Rubber Company, inasmuch as that the rubber sheet of which it is made adheres to the nainsook cover. Thinness and lightness, two necessary qualities, are thus ensured. The "Beauty Shield," as this *spécialité* is called, can be obtained at any draper's; like many other good things, it is "made in America," and so sure are Kleinert's (the makers) of their superiority in production that any blouse damaged by an imperfection in their various dress-shields will be paid for.

What guys women will cheerfully make of themselves, to be sure, in order to be "quite there" with fashion! It would be pathetic if it were not so amusing. Yesterday a carriage full of fair femininity passed a friend's door in Mount Street, and we stood to watch four immense veils attached to four enormous hats lifted suddenly on a gust of

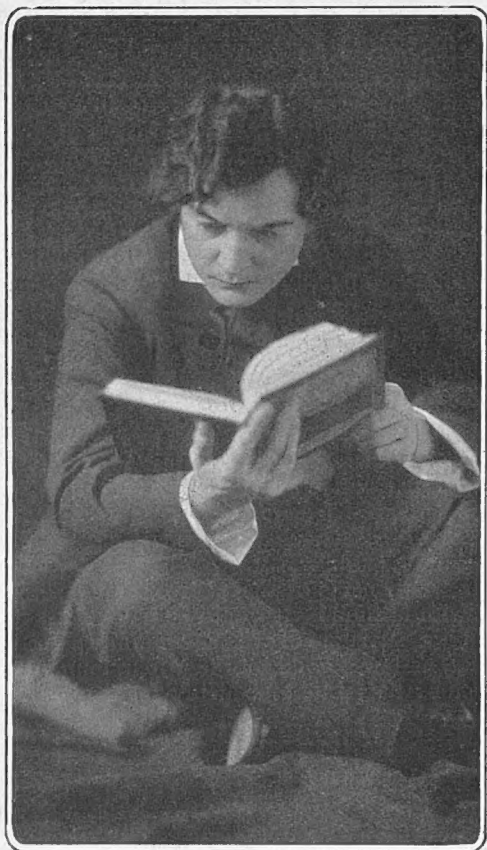


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BLUE CLOTH AND WHITE FACINGS.

wind, while their owners clutched wildly in vain adjustings. No more comical effect was ever kodaked. A clothes-line in a gale was tame by comparison. No wonder men are speechless before this last and most hideous obsession of the elongated veil.

Amongst good things of the present style, on the other hand, may be counted the fully gathered skirt, which gives roundness and softened outline to the most angular figure. A powder-blue voile, brought by a



MR. ARNOLD DALY
AS THE POET IN MR. BERNARD SHAW'S "CANDIDA," AT
THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, NEW YORK.

friend from Paris, expresses this becoming fulness in little *bouillonée* flounces, headed with tiny cord and flossed fringes of bias-cut taffetas in the same shade, the entire style of the gown, together with the little blue taffetas pelerine which accompanied it, being an almost photographic presentment of a grandmotherly gown which the owner had just disinterred from a lavender-scented drawer.

There is nothing new under the sun, except motor-veils, and even they are first-cousins to the gossamers that dangled from early Victorian "uglies," as those gruesome silk bonnet attachments were called. Enormously baggy are the new sleeves—yards and yards of gathered material go to make up their circumference—while crinoline is once more positively advanced

as advancing, but at this one's imagination is too paralysed to adventure an opinion. Only can one pray for deliverance!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRIDE (Chatham).—I see no earthly reason why you should not buy your jewellery on the hire system. Everybody does it nowadays with furniture and other things, if it suits them. No doubt you pay a little more than for cash down, but just consider how long the merchant has to wait for his money, and, meanwhile, the advantage and convenience to yourself.

STELLA J.—It does seem rather a pity to cut up your silk into these little early Victorian ruches and frillings, but there is nothing else for it if you want to be fashionable. Why not get one good dress made by a first-rate dressmaker—Lola, Limited, *par exemple*—and economise over the secondary frocks?

MARQUISE.—I always advise Mrs. Adair for just what you want, and the use of soap can be done away with by substituting her beauty sachets. SYBIL.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 10.

THE POSITION.

"IS it going to last?" is the question which everybody in the City is asking, meaning thereby the distinct revival of business which has taken place in the Stock Exchange. Nobody can fairly call it a "boom," but in every market business has broadened, and the public, for some occult reason, is taking a hand both in the improvement which has taken place in the highest class of investment stock and in speculative fancies such as Kaffirs, Americans, and Nitrates.

The pessimists croak about the coming Russian loan and the fact—of which there can be no doubt—that, whether it is taken up in Paris or Berlin, the London Market will be the poorer by reason of the calling in of French and German money which is helping us along; but, for all the croaking, there is such a hopeful feeling in the air that we are inclined to think the utter stagnation of the last eighteen months is gone, not to return at least for the present. The only danger is the fear of heavy borrowings swamping the improvement before it is firmly established.

A COUPLE OF SPECULATIONS.

Things South American are in favour, and in the by-ways of its Railway finance there are many cheap things to be picked up even now, for those who know. In conversation with one of the shrewdest City financiers, one who makes this class of investment a speciality, the two following securities were recommended to us as things to be bought and put away—

Cordoba and Rosario Second Pref., upon which there are over 70 per cent. of arrears of dividend which it is intended to capitalise into a new Second Pref. stock. The traffics are such that, if the remainder of the half-year gives results of a like nature to the weeks which have already been published, the present stock should get 3 per cent. in cash, so that a buyer at, say, 67 will receive nearly 5 per cent. for his money and a bonus of over 70 per cent. in new stock for the arrears.

The Puerto Cabello and Valencia Railway is another of the little-known concerns whose securities look as if they were worth attention. The claim against the Venezuelan Government is admitted at £230,000, of which a large part is now in the Bank of England, and the balance will get there, without much doubt, out of the Customs dues now being collected. On the bonds, which amount in all to £340,000, there are arrears of interest of £70,000, to pay which more than this sum is lying in London, so that every bond carries about 22 per cent. of arrears, which will be paid in cash, and the present price is about 97. The £10 shares stand every chance of getting the balance of the £230,000, or a bonus of, say, £2 each, and, as they can be bought for about £3 each, there is a reasonable chance of a speculative buyer making a good profit on his purchase.

THE RISE IN HOME RAILS.

Beyond a doubt, the recent rise in Home Railway stocks has the cheapening of money for its primary cause. Except in a few cases—as of Great Western, for example—the traffics for the half-year to date are far from being brilliant, and even to say that they are colourless is almost complimentary. But the published figures provide good enough ground to make it probable that the next dividends will, at any rate, be up to the standard of the first six months of 1903, and, accordingly, the investor works upon those figures with a degree of confidence that makes a valuable ally to the cheaper money already referred to. By the advance which has now occurred in the chief investment stocks, the return to a buyer has fallen about $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. under the round 4 per cent. which Home Rails paid upon the prices current a couple of months ago. Midland Deferred is now the only stock in the "Heavy" list from which 4 per cent. can still be obtained, and the investor in Railway stocks has come to regard Midlands with an air of half-suspicion, on account of the overloaded capital of the Company. But it is not likely that even Midlands will be allowed to lag behind if the market continues popular with the public, and of this the present prospect seems distinctly favourable. Great Westerns have risen about ten points, but we should hesitate to advise profit-taking on the part of those who bought lower down, and the movements in Scotch and Welsh Railway stocks show that the speculative investor is awake to the opportunities afforded by the still low range of prices. Two weeks ago, we pointed to Barry Deferred as a good purchase, and the price has gone up nearly 7 per cent.

Great Northern Deferred and Lancashire and Yorkshire Ordinary are now worth attention.

KAFFIR LAND COMPANIES.

In discussing recently some of the Land Companies whose shares are to the fore just now, cursory mention was, of course, made of the South African undertakings of this kind, each of which really deserves a Note to itself. A long article, for instance, might be written upon the Transvaal Estates and Development Company, the shares in which have recently been so much in evidence upon the news that diamonds had come to light upon one of the Company's farms. The chief speculative attraction of shares in such undertakings lies, of course, in the immense acreage owned by them, much of which is at present but partially prospected. Not only gold, but coal and other metals are to be found on many of the farms comprised in these Companies' properties, and the unknown possibilities that are hidden in enterprises like the Transvaal Estates and Development, the Oceana Consolidated, Henderson's, and similar concerns are always secure of a following of speculators who prefer such shares to those of more stable character in the gold-producing list.

Rhodesia, almost more than the Transvaal, abounds in Land Companies, at the head of which stands the Chartered. In the latest revival, Chartered have been sharply carried up to $2\frac{1}{2}$, but we are inclined to doubt their staying power at anything over 2. Rhodesia Explorations have a powerful backing, but the financial position of the Company, as disclosed by the last balance-sheet, was anything but good. Zambesia Explorings are being tipped, on the strength of the price they touched a few years ago—a very doubtful method of valuation. On balance the speculator will probably do much better out of Transvaal rather than Rhodesian Land Companies.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

The Jobber beamed exuberantly.

"For goodness' sake," implored The Broker, "don't say, 'What did I tell you?'"

"Not I," returned the happy one. "You knew all about it long before I ventured to tell you to sell all you had except Kaffirs. Now didn't you?"

"You were wrong in telling us to sell everything else, though," remarked The Engineer. "How about my tip to buy Home Rails, eh?"

"Now you begin to talk like some Johnnie who does the City pages of a Society weekly," The Merchant complained.

"And I certainly shouldn't do that," The City Editor put in. "Let the poor live. Our profession is already overcrowded."

The smiling Banker said he had a right to claim credit for thinking the gilt-edged markets would improve.

"Most decidedly," said The Broker. "Who's got the best tip now? Have you?" and he appealed to The Jobber.

"Search me," was the prompt response. "I rather fancy I left my tips at home."

"Which is an untruthful way of saying you can't read the market," The City Editor declared.

"May be," was the unruffled reply. "I don't fancy there's much go-down in them, all the same."

"And I don't think I shall advise my clients to sell their Kaffirs yet," The Broker said, "although I fancy some of the non-dividend payers are high enough."

"There are other markets, I believe?" and The Merchant's tone had a query in it.

"My latest tip is Mexican Rails—the Ordinary stock," said The Engineer. "A two-point rise and out you get."

"They've gone up already," objected The Merchant.

"So's everything, pretty well. But these are to be put along next, unless my information is wrong."

"It's not unlikely," considered The Broker. "And I have a fancy for Trunks somewhere at the back of my head."

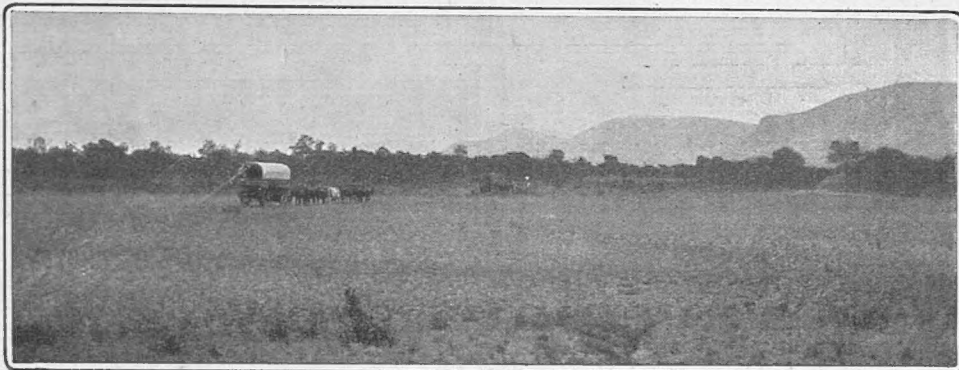
"Pillows might be softer," suggested The Jobber. "I wouldn't have too much pressing on that brain of yours, Brokie. Think of the strain of business." The other threw a match at The Jobber's glossy hat, and a most unmistakable white mark resulted.

"Good," observed the owner, looking at his headgear. "Get another now. You don't know how many three-two-sixes this is going to cost you," and he nodded meaningly at The Broker.

"That's like you Stock Exchange fellows," grumbled The Merchant. "Three days' business, and you must be all drinking champagne for lunch, driving motor-cars, buying top-hats, and—"

"Why not?" asked The Jobber. "Life is short."

"And we shall be a long time dead," added The Broker, philosophically.



PROSPECTING PARTY OF THE TRANSSVAAL ESTATES AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY AT RIETFontein.

"How d'you know? It's the biggest speculation of all, is life," began The Merchant.

"Oh, do let's get on to something a little more practical," and The Engineer asked The Banker for a good speculative investment.

The Man of Lombard Street said he feared that such a matter was a little out of his usual path.

"Never mind: I know you have something in your mind's eye."

"They inform me—"

"Who's they?" asked The Jobber, rather rudely.

"They inform me," pursued the old gentleman, calmly, "that London and India Dock Deferred is still some way from its maximum."

"Good tip," said The City Editor, nodding his head approvingly.

"Don't go and indirectly condemn it, so to speak." The Jobber was certainly growing a trifle uncouth.

"Would you take it up and put it away?" inquired The Engineer.

"I am not sufficiently *au courant* with the facts of the security to give a very decided opinion. All I know is that the advice came from authority that is very sound as a rule. I was told the price would rise about five points."

"As a speculative investment, I like Vickers," remarked The Merchant.

"Yes, they're a good buy and look like going better," approved The Broker.

"Have you nothing to suggest?" The Engineer demanded.

"Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary—"

"I'm dead nuts on Brazils myself," interposed The Jobber.

"Good idea. Great Western of Brazil shares, Cuban Central Preference, Grand Trunk Seconds—these are three sound speculative securities."

("And the greatest of these is Kaffirs," murmured The Jobber.)

"All the lot, with Roseys, will probably go better fairly soon. If you want less speculative things, the Electric Light Market has a dozen shares that offer 4 to 5 per cent. with a very small amount of risk."

"Westminsters, St. James's, and Notting Hill are among the best," laid down The Engineer. "Steer clear of Countys and Citys. Blackheath Preference for a steady rise."

"There you have it in a nutshell," blandly confirmed The Broker. "I couldn't have put it more plainly myself."

"Nor I," chimed in The City Editor.

"Self-advertisement is the mother of journalism," said The Jobber, severely. "Let sleeping bulls lie, young man."

"Waking bears lie often enough," commented The City Editor, who had cultivated a spirit of irrepressibility to perfection.

"Nobody said a word about Westralians, so why drag in the bears? None of us here belong to that tribe."

"I believe you," assented The City Editor. "And whenever I take the bull by the horns—"

"Kill him at once," ordered The Jobber, jumping up and making a sudden onslaught upon the journalist.

"You come alonger me," exclaimed a strange voice, as the door opened and a burly porter entered the compartment. "This 'ere Company is very strick about brawlin' on its line," and before he knew where he was The Jobber found himself on the platform.

The horror-stricken Carriage gasped for breath, and failed to recover consciousness until the train was fairly under way and leaving the station.

Then, to the shame of everyone be it said—for truth will out—The Carriage fairly made the train rock with their laughter.

Saturday, April 30, 1904.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

GAMMA.—The point you raise is a very nice one, as to which we would rather not give an opinion. Consult a solicitor who is familiar with Company Law. We doubt whether you have any remedy, as it is clear that, whatever the profits, they need never have been divided had the majority of the shareholders voted against a dividend.

T. W. R. E.—We see no reason to alter the opinion we gave you last week on the Building Society.

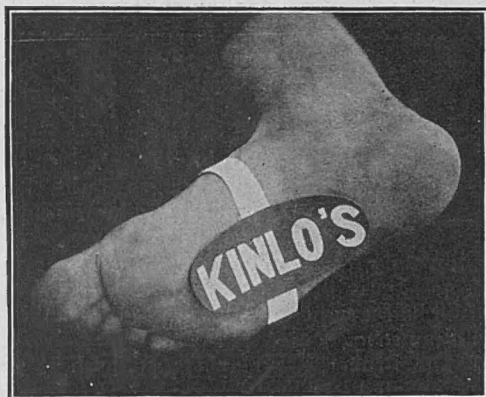
A. J. M. (Brazil).—Your letter has been handed over to the Publishing Department, who will write to you.

MIDLAND.—See this week's Notes. The Puerto Cabello shares are a speculation in which you run a risk for the chance of a good profit.

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THE TRUE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, &c.



The GOOD HEALTH ALLIANCE is introducing the genuine cure of the century. NOT MEDICINE nor embrocation, but KINLO'S FOOT DRAFT, famed for curing the worst cases of GOUT, MUSCULAR and SCIATIC RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, &c. KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS are to be placed upon the soles of the feet. They draw the URIC ACID POISON out, and thereby remove the cause. It matters not in what part of the body you are affected, this marvellous invention draws the poisonous acid from your blood, making you well for all time. QUICK RESULT. You will feel relieved promptly, and the full cure will follow. A SCIENTIFIC REMEDY, with absolutely guaranteed success, or not a farthing to pay for KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS. We know so well that KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS will cure you completely, that we openly offer not merely to send a "sample,"

but to actually send a PAIR OF KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS. If after a week's trial you find you are being cured, we shall expect you to become one of our customers. If you are not delighted you need not pay us a farthing. Positively the fairest offer ever advertised. No pretended electrical device, but a scientific invention in chemistry.

KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS ARE BEING RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS AND PHYSICIANS.

A Harley Street Physician writes:—"Please send to Lady — two pairs of Kinlo's Foot Drafts."

Lady — writes:—"Please send me a pair of your Kinlo's Foot Drafts; I have been recommended to try them by Dr. — of Harley Street."

Several Members of the Nobility, Officers holding high rank in the Army and Navy, Members of the learned Professions, and, in fact, people of all ranks and stations in life, have been cured by Kinlo's Foot Drafts when every other remedy has failed even to give them relief.

We have received thousands of letters from ladies and gentlemen, who out of sheer gratitude for their cure have given us the right to publish to the world full particulars of same.

Some hundreds of extracts from these letters are sent with each sample pair of Drafts. The following is a specimen:—

CURED BY KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS, AFTER MEDICATED BATHS, SEA VOYAGES, AND DOCTORS HAD FAILED TO GIVE RELIEF.

Good Health Alliance.

Cedar Cottage, Middleton Street, Alexandria.

I have very great pleasure in informing you that your Foot Drafts have been a great boon to me. I have had no pain since the day I put them on. My case was this: Acute darting pains in feet and legs up to thighs like having a knife put into me, or small shot out of a gun would occasion. It was quite impossible for me to sleep. I tried all sorts of things, and also went for a voyage to the Canary Islands, but got no relief. I also tried a course of massage treatment at a hydropathic establishment for Rheumatism, and there were a number of other people there trying the same treatment for this complaint, but the majority of them, like myself, came away as they went.

Contrary to my doctor's advice, I put on the Kinlo's Foot Drafts, and, as stated above, they have completely relieved me from pain. I cannot, therefore, too highly recommend them.

You are quite at liberty to use my name, as I am pretty widely known, and any sufferers I come across you can rest assured that I will put them on the right track.—ROBERT FERGUSON.

DO NOT HESITATE. Send your name and address, mention complaint, and enclose stamp for posting, and a pair of KINLO'S FOOT DRAFTS will promptly come. REMEMBER, IF NO RELIEF, NO PAY, and we will trust you to decide.

GOOD HEALTH ALLIANCE, 74c, Fleet Street, London.

The Largest Stock in London



FEATHER STOLES.

Several thousands always in stock or on order, in Black, White, Grey, and Brown, and Pastel Shades.

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OSTRICH STOLES,

3 strands, 2½ yds. .. 18/9
4 " 2½ yds. .. 29/6
Extra rich qualities, 35/6 to 84/-

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OSTRICH STOLES,

4 strands, 2½ yds. .. 21/-
5 " 2½ yds. .. 35/6
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OSTRICH STOLES,

Extra full, in 14 shades.
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Black Handle 2/6 | Ivory Handle 3/6
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